THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 3897.—VOL. CXLIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1913. SIXPENCE.

The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.

1. WATCHED BY POLICE: "MONNA LISA" PLACED IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY AFTER ITS RECOVERY AND PROTECTED BY MEN AND ROUGH BARRICADES.

2. THE SENSATIONAL FINDING OF THE "MONNA LISA" AFTER TWO YEARS: SIGNOR RICCI AND THE UFFIZI GALLERY DIRECTORS EXAMINING THE PICTURE.

"LA GIOCONDA" UNDER GUARD IN FLORENCE: THE RECOVERED LEONARDO DA VINCI MASTERPIECE IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY.

On its sensational recovery in Florence, Leonardo da Vinci's "Monna Lisa" was placed for safety in the Uffizi Gallery, where, carefully guarded, it was exhibited for some days. So much interest did it arouse that on the first day of this exhibition alone 30,000 people went to see it. It was arranged afterwards that it should be shown in Rome for a while before being returned to France to fill its old place in the Salon Carré of the Louvre. At the moment of writing, it was anticipated that the picture would be handed over to the keeping of the French Ambassador in Rome on Saturday, December 20. Signor Corrado Ricci (No. 1 in the second photograph) is the Italian Director of Fine Arts; Signor Giovanni Poggi (No. 2) is the Director of Galleries and Museums in Florence.

HARWICH ROUTE TO THE CONTINENT

Via HOOK OF HOLLAND (British Royal Mail Route) Daily by Turbine Steamers. Liverpool Street Station dep. 8.30 p.m. Through Carriages and Restaurant Cars from and to the Hook of Holland alongside the steamers.

LONDON TO PEKIN in 14 DAYS. TOKIO in 16 DAYS.

Via ANTWERP for BRUSSELS, Every Week-day by Twin-Screw Steamers. Liverpool Street Station, dep. 8.40 p.m.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPH and SUBMARINE SIGNALLING on the Great Eastern Railway Steamers.

Via ESBJERG for Denmark, Norway and Sweden, by the Danish Royal Mail Steamers of the Forenede Line of Copenhagen. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Liverpool Street Station, dep. 7.12 p.m. Dining and Restaurant Cars.

Via HAMBURG by the General Steam Navigation Company's steamers "Peregrine" and "Hirondelle" (fitted with Submarine Signalling), every Wednesday and Saturday. Liverpool Street Station, dep. 8.40 p.m. Corridor Trains with 1st and 2nd class Dining and Breakfast Cars. Single, 1st class, 44s.; 2nd class, 30s. Return, 1st class, 66s.; 2nd class, 45s.

The London-Hook of Holland, London-Antwerp and York-Harwich Express Trains (heated by steam) consist of Corridor Vestibuled Carriages with Dining and Breakfast Cars. No supplementary charge for seats. Through Corridor Carriages from and to Liverpool, Manchester, Warrington, Sheffield, Bradford (Exchange), Leeds, Birmingham and Rugby.

The Trains to Parkeston Quay, Harwich, run alongside the steamers, and hand-baggage is taken on board free of charge.

Particulars of the Continental Traffic Manager, Great Eastern Railway, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

Under Contract with His Majesty's Government.

P. & O. MAIL & PASSENGER SERVICES.

EGYPT, INDIA, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, &c.

Conveying Passengers and Merchandise to ALL EASTERN PORTS.

For freight and passage apply

P. & O. S. N. Co., {122, Leadenhall Street, E.C. / Northumberland Avenue, W.C.} London.

CANADA FOR HOLIDAYS AND SPORT.

ALLAN ROYAL MAIL LINE

Popular Pioneer Service. First Sailing, 1819.—Famed for comfort, for exceptional cuisine, service, and for everything that makes an ocean voyage satisfactory and pleasant.

By the adoption of triple-screw turbines in R.M.S. VICTORIAN and VIRGINIAN, vibration is reduced to a minimum. Marconi Wireless in all the Steamers.

R.M.S. ALSATIAN and CALGARIAN, quadruple-screw turbines, 18,000 tons (now fitting).

Canada for Fishing, Shooting, Camping, Canoeing. Tours for three weeks and upwards planned. Canada for profitable investment.

ALLAN LINE, 14, Cockspur Street, S.W.; 19, James St., Liverpool, &c.

BERLIN — Two minutes from Zoological Gardens Station (Stadtbahn).

EDEN HOTEL,

BERLIN'S LATEST CREATION.

Finest situation facing Zoological Gardens and Tiergarten Park.

NICE. FRENCH RIVIERA.

SEASON 1913-14.

RACE MEETINGS.

Battle of Flowers. Costume Balls, etc.

LAWN TENNIS. GOLF.

REGATTAS and AUTOMOBILE MEETINGS.

Through Service from London in 23 hours.

ALPINE SPORTS, LTD.,

control accommodation for

3000 visitors in 30 Hotels in the Best Winter Centres in Switzerland.

For ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK, with full details of Complete Tours, apply Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

CONVENIENT FOR THE LONDON PANTOMIMES.

THE BONNINGTON,

Southampton Row, LONDON, W.C.

260 Rooms. Luxuriously Appointed. Winter Garden. Lounge. Ladies' Writing Room, etc.

BEDROOM, TABLE D'HOTE BREAKFAST & ATTENDANCE 5/- FIRST TWO FLOORS 5/6

POLICE DOGS.

MAJOR RICHARDSON'S AIREDALES (as supplied Police) are best bodyguards for house protection, inside or outside, town or country, against tramps, burglars, &c., for lonely walks, night watchmen, &c. From 4 gns.; Pups, 2 gns. SMOOTH FOX TERRIERS, ROUGH FOX TERRIERS, ABERDEEN TERRIERS, IRISH TERRIERS from 4 gns.; Pups, 2 gns. BLOODHOUNDS, Pups, 5 gns.; Adults, 20 gns. MAJOR RICHARDSON, GROVE END, HARROW (10 mins. Baker St.). Tel. 423.

NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

FIFTIETH EXHIBITION OF MODERN PICTURES.

At 5a, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, S.W.

Open Daily, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission One Shilling.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Tel. Gerr. 1777.

Proprietor — Sir Herbert Tree.

Every Evening, at 8.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN. By Louis N. Parker.

Jacob — HERBERT TREE

Zuleika — MAXINE ELLIOTT

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.

EXTRA MATINEE BOXING DAY.

SPECIAL MATINEES FOR CHILDREN commencing THURSDAY, Jan. 1.

PALLADIUM, ARGYLL STREET, W.

CHARLES GULLIVER, Managing Director.

PALLADIUM MINSTRELS.

Daily at 2.30.

1s. to 2s. Every seat bookable.

PALLADIUM MINSTRELS.

NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

It is particularly requested that all Sketches *and* Photographs *sent to* The Illustrated London News, *especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name and address of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor cannot assume responsibility for MSS., for Photographs, or for Sketches submitted.*

MUSIC.

FROM the musical standpoint London may claim to have received "most-favoured-nation-treatment" of late. The quality of the great orchestral concerts and of certain recitals could hardly be improved upon. We have taken occasion to refer to the splendid series by the London Symphony Orchestra under Herr Steinbach, and no less praise is due to the Philharmonic Society for its Russian concert under the direction of Safonoff. Some of the music was familiar, too familiar it might be said; some was comparatively new; but all, under the resistless direction of the Russian conductor, was profoundly impressive. The union of a national temperament with music written by men of the same nationality can be readily understood, and a little consideration will explain why our country, though it has given us several clever and capable conductors, does not appear to produce men of interpretative genius. A Steinbach or Nikisch can sum up everything that Brahms or Wagner has to say; each knows the air these men breathed; a Safonoff can give us Tchaikovski's outlook upon life as well as the music through which he expressed it. Our conductors are heavily handicapped, unless being of Jewish extraction they have the cosmopolitan touch, because there is no great native music that calls for the master gifts of interpretation. So it happens that we must rely for our finest effects upon men like Nikisch, Mengelberg, Steinbach, Safonoff, and a few more. While London can afford to summon them across the Channel, all is well with concertgoers, but it is a little hard on our English musicians who aspire to take rank as conductors, to find that these men from overseas are not only called to take command on every great occasion, but have the gifts that make the compliment as inevitable as it is well deserved.

These reflections arise from a mental comparison between the all-British concert that the Philharmonic gave us in November, and the all-Russian concert that followed. Special praise is due to M. Lhevinne on this last occasion, for his playing of the Tchaikovski pianoforte concerto. He contrived to play in fashion that brought out all the neurotic composer had to say, and yet to keep his own emotions strictly under control. Glazounov's "Spring," despite a little *contretemps*, due presumably to insufficient rehearsal, is a welcome addition to the concert platform: it is full of high spirits, clever writing, and sparkling melody. While writing of the Philharmonic Society, mention may be made of its decision to award the coveted Beethoven Medal to Miss Muriel Foster. The presentation will be made in January, and it is safe to say that the Society's choice will be approved not only by the general body of members, but by the public at large. These awards appear to be made strictly upon merit.

Among the interesting concerts of last week mention should be made of the Jubilee performance of the London Trio at the Æolian Hall. Schumann, Dvorak, Bach, Beethoven and Chopin were the past-masters represented on the programme, and if the anxiety to give a large and friendly audience good value for money was responsible for a rather extended programme, the excellence of the playing was the best excuse for a late ending. Mme. Goodwin, Mr. Louis Pécskai, and Mr. Whitehouse were heard, as usual, to great advantage; Miss Margaret Balfour sang as though the weight of a great occasion affected her; and Mr. Mayor Ilbs accompanied. The London Trio has won many friends and, whether we consider the music of their choice, or the manner of its performance, the public support appears to be well earned.

Mr. C. Karlyle, a kindly and accomplished critic and a sound teacher, gave a pupils' concert at Bechstein's last week—a concert of the kind that few masters, and still fewer pupils, would care to undertake. The music was chosen from some of the most delightful of the old masters, and there were selections from many operas, Cimarosa's "Matrimonio Segreto," and Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" among them. Where so many promising pupils took part in a concert, it would be impossible to name all, and invidious to name a few, but it may safely be said that both the teacher and the taught have good reason to feel satisfied with the results.

M. Maurice Ravel, one of the most distinguished and prolific of modern French composers, came to town last week to conduct the performance of one of his works, and the Music Club took advantage of his presence in town to give him a reception at the Grafton Galleries. A lady—Mlle. Luquiens—who has gained considerable recognition in Paris as an interpreter of M. Ravel's songs, was invited to come to London to render some in honour of the occasion. We have been at great pains of late years to express our genuine admiration for modern French music, and the compliment to M. Ravel is well timed.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE FORTUNE HUNTER," AT THE QUEEN'S.

NO doubt we could dispense with some of the sentiment of the piece and no doubt not a few English playgoers will find too much "freak" characterisation in it; yet, when all has been said which can be said on these scores, only the ungrateful will deny that in Mr. Winchell Smith's story of "The Fortune Hunter," we get one of the merriest as well as one of the least noisy plays we have had from America for a very long while. In essence it is quite mid-Victorian, quite Dickensian in its simplicity, though the dialect gives it a flavour of its own, and the plan for making its hero rich could probably only occur to an American mind. It is "sure fire," we are told, is this plan, and so it proves. A born waster, but the most genial of his type, Nat Duncan is advised to settle in a country town, forswear slang, tobacco, and drink, go to church, work hard at some humdrum occupation and get himself talked about as a respectable bachelor—all with the object of attracting some local heiress. He strives hard at this strange way of turning over a new leaf, and succeeds in winning such an heiress's fancy. But, of course, he proves better than his purpose, and obtains so much pleasure out of rescuing a quaint old chemist and his little daughter from bankruptcy that the great scheme goes all to pieces, and he behaves instead with all the chivalry of a Dick Swiveller. So much for the plot; but in and out of the various scenes there meanders a procession of the most ludicrous oddities ever put forward as representatives of American provincialism. You may think their humours strangely exaggerated, but you will find them admirably individualised at the Queen's. And you will love the old chemist of Mr. Forrest Robinson; fall a victim to the charms of Miss Myrtle Tannehill's girl-heroine, and admire the way in which Mr. Hale Hamilton, always slick and alert and earnest, always capable of saying more in pantomime than most actors say in long speeches, carries the play along upon his shoulders.

"THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T," AT THE LYRIC.

"The Girl in the Taxi" has finished her second long run in town, but her place at the Lyric has quickly been filled up, and filled up by no less amusing and hardly less popular an entertainer. Once known as "The Laughing Husband," the substitute now goes by the name of "The Girl Who Didn't," and is just as delightful under the one designation as under the other. Blessed from the start with a story which has a telling climax, this musical comedy has been furnished with new dresses and scenery, additional songs, and fresh pictorial effects, and there is not a dull moment in it as revised and redecorated. A strong cast of artists includes Mr. James Blakeley, Mr. Lionel Mackinder, and Mr. C. H. Workman on the male side; and besides Miss Yvonne Arnaud, whose Etelka sings and jests with refreshing piquancy, we have in the cast Miss Grace La Rue, to whom we owe the song of the season, "You Made Me Love You"; the newcomer makes a highly successful appearance, and has a new "Tango Dream" ditty which seems to have leapt already into public favour.

"THE MARRIAGE MARKET," AT DALY'S.

"The Marriage Market" recently celebrated its two-hundredth performance at Daly's. Wherefore, argued Mr. George Edwardes, this was just the time to make a few changes and add, if possible, to its attractiveness. Not all the omissions he has had to make to find room for fresh numbers will, perhaps, be pleasing to all his patrons. On the other hand, Mr. W. H. Berry has a delightful topical song, entitled "Joy Bells," for which he seems likely to require any number of encore verses; while Miss Gertie Millar, seen at her best and brightest just now, has had another dainty little song and dance added to her share of the entertainment, and is joined by Mr. Raymond Lauzerte in the inevitable "Tango." Fresh opportunities have also been provided for Miss Elise Craven, as dancer, and Mr. Dearth, as vocalist, and if Mr. G. P. Huntley's performance in the "cheerful idiot" rôle remains much what it was, that is only because such joyous patter as he supplies could not well be bettered.

(Other Playhouse Notes on "Art and Drama" Page.)

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

HARRAP.

Lords' Men of Littlebourne. James Chapman Andrews. 2s. 6d. net.

The Story of Edinburgh Castle. Louis Wierter, R.B.A. 20s. net.

GLAISHER.

The Pageant of Life. George Barlow. 3s. net.

JACK.

The French Revolution. H. F. B. Wheeler. 7s. 6d. net.

BLACK.

Stained Glass. Painted by Lawrence B. Saint. Described by Hugh Arnold. 25s. net.

Wild Life on the Wing. W. D. Haviland. 5s. net.

The Moose. Agnes Herbert. 5s. net.

Highways and Byways of the Zoological Gardens. Constance Innes Pocock. 5s. net.

GRANT RICHARDS.

The Eighteen-Nineties. Holbrook Jackson. 12s. 6d. net.

MILLS AND BOON.

Founded on Fiction. Lady Sybil Grant. Illustrated by George Morrow. 3s. 6d. net.

HURST AND BLACKETT.

Baloo. Gaston Leroux. 6s.

The Lovers of Mademoiselle. Clive Holland. 6s.

Undreamed Ways. Max Pemberton. 6s.

Fool of April. Justin Huntly McCarthy. 6s.

The Home Breaker. By a Well Known Novelist.

The Apostle of Free Labour: The Life Story of William Collison. Told by Himself. 10s. net.

STANLEY PAUL.

Gaiety and George Grossmith. Stanley Naylor. 3s. net.

His Magnificence. A. J. Anderson. 6s.

SMITH, ELDER.

A Midsummer Rose. Katharine Tynan. 6s.

The Railways of Great Britain. Lord Monkswell. 6s.

Dictionary of National Biography. Second Supplement. Edited by Sir Sidney Lee, D.Litt. 3s. 6d. net.

The South African Scene. V. R. Markham. 7s. 6d. net.

Twenty-Five Years: Reminiscences. Katharine Tynan. 10s. 6d. net.

LYNWOOD.

Prince John of Streplitz. Major F. A. Symons. 6s.

GREENING.

Love Tides. Captain Frank H. Shaw. 6s.

GARDNER.

Of the Imitation of Christ, Frae Latin intil Scots. Thomas à Kempis. With Glossary by Henry P. Cameron, M.A.

Thistledown. Robert Ford. 5s. net.

Paisley Abbey Restoration, 1913.

NUTT.

Atlantis, and Other Poems. Julius West. 2s. net.

"GIRLS' OWN PAPER" AND "WOMAN'S MAGAZINE."

Short Cuts to Sketching. Hayward Young. 5s.

LONGMANS.

Milton's Astronomy: The Astronomy of "Paradise Lost." Thomas N. Orchard. 7s. 6d. net.

Samplers and Tapestry Embroideries. Marcus B. Huish, LL.B. 10s. 6d. net.

SAMPSON, LOW.

Marthe. Reginald Nye. 6s.

HEATH, CRANTON, OUSELEY.

A Northern Voyage. Reginald Rogers. 2s. net.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

TO

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

PAID IN ADVANCE.

INLAND. Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d. Six Months, 14s.; or including Christmas Number, 15s. 3d. Three Months, 7s.; or including Christmas Number, 8s. 3d.

CANADA. Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d. Six Months, 15s. 2d.; or including Christmas Number, 16s. 4d. Three Months, 7s. 7d.; or including Christmas Number, 8s. 9d.

ELSEWHERE ABROAD. Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2. Six Months, 19s. 6d.; or including Christmas Number, £1 1s. Three Months, 9s. 9d.; or including Christmas Number, 11s. 3d.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, in English money; by cheques, crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited"; or by Post Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 172, Strand, London, W.C.

A RITE RESERVED TO THE "KING OF KINGS": PICTURESQUE RELIGION.

After a Photograph by Georges Rémond.

WHEN THE EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA IS VEILED TO SAVE HIM FROM THE EVIL EYE: PRIESTS AT THE ATIÉ-MASKAL, IN ADIS ABABA, IN WHICH THE ETHIOPIAN CROWN, ENSHRINING A PIECE OF THE TRUE CROSS, PLAYS A PART.

The Atie-Maskal is celebrated during the latter half of September, and is specially reserved to the Emperor of Abyssinia—Negus Negust (King of Kings). The words mean "the Cross of the Emperor"; so one is reminded that the Neguses were given a piece of the True Cross, which is enshrined in the crown. The celebration takes place in a court of the palace at Adis Ababa. The Emperor takes his place, with the Abuna, or head bishop, on his right, and the Echegheh, the native chief of the clergy, on his left, and with chiefs and foreign envoys near him. The Crown of Ethiopia rests on a cushion in the centre of carpets. In attendance, standing and sitting by the walls, are the clergy, some holding Coptic crosses, others umbrellas, others multi-coloured canopies, others silver-ended sticks. Also present are monks wearing the triple tiara, surmounted with a cross from which jewels hang. Singing begins, to the accompaniment of tambourines and sometimes of trumpets. The priests take the Book of the Gospels and present it to the Emperor, who is "veiled" while this is being done; which means, in point of fact, that while he is kissing the Book a piece of silk is put round him and shaken gently to protect him from the Evil Eye. Then there is dancing by priests; and, finally, the Emperor gives the clergy a feast of beer, mead, and raw meat. Since the Abyssinians were converted to Christianity in the fourth century they have been members of the Alexandrian Church. The head bishop, the Abuna, is invariably a Copt appointed and consecrated by the Coptic Patriarch of Alexandria, but his influence is controlled by the Echegheh.

WHERE PEOPLE DO NOT GO TO CHURCH AT CHRISTMAS—

Reproduced by Courtesy of Mr. Fr

DOGS, AND BABIES IN CRADLES, IN A CHURCH: A SERVICE FOR MOUNTAIN LAPLANDERS, WHO

The Mountain Laplanders go to this church only twice a year—curiously enough, to us, not at Christmas, but at Easter time, which is the period of their great religious ceremony, and on All Souls' Day—and on these occasions there may be, apart from the ordinary services, baptisms, confirmations, weddings, and burials. The scene in church is most picturesque. There are the bright colours, the blues, the reds, and the yellows of the costumes; there are dogs running about or sleeping on the floor; there are many babies placed, mummy-fashion, in box-cradles, with reindeer-skins to keep out the cold. In some notes about this picture, which we are able to reproduce by his courtesy, Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, F.R.G.S., who was travelling in Lapland not long ago and not for the first time, says: "The Laplanders' dogs, most important factors in their life, looking after their reindeers, have free access

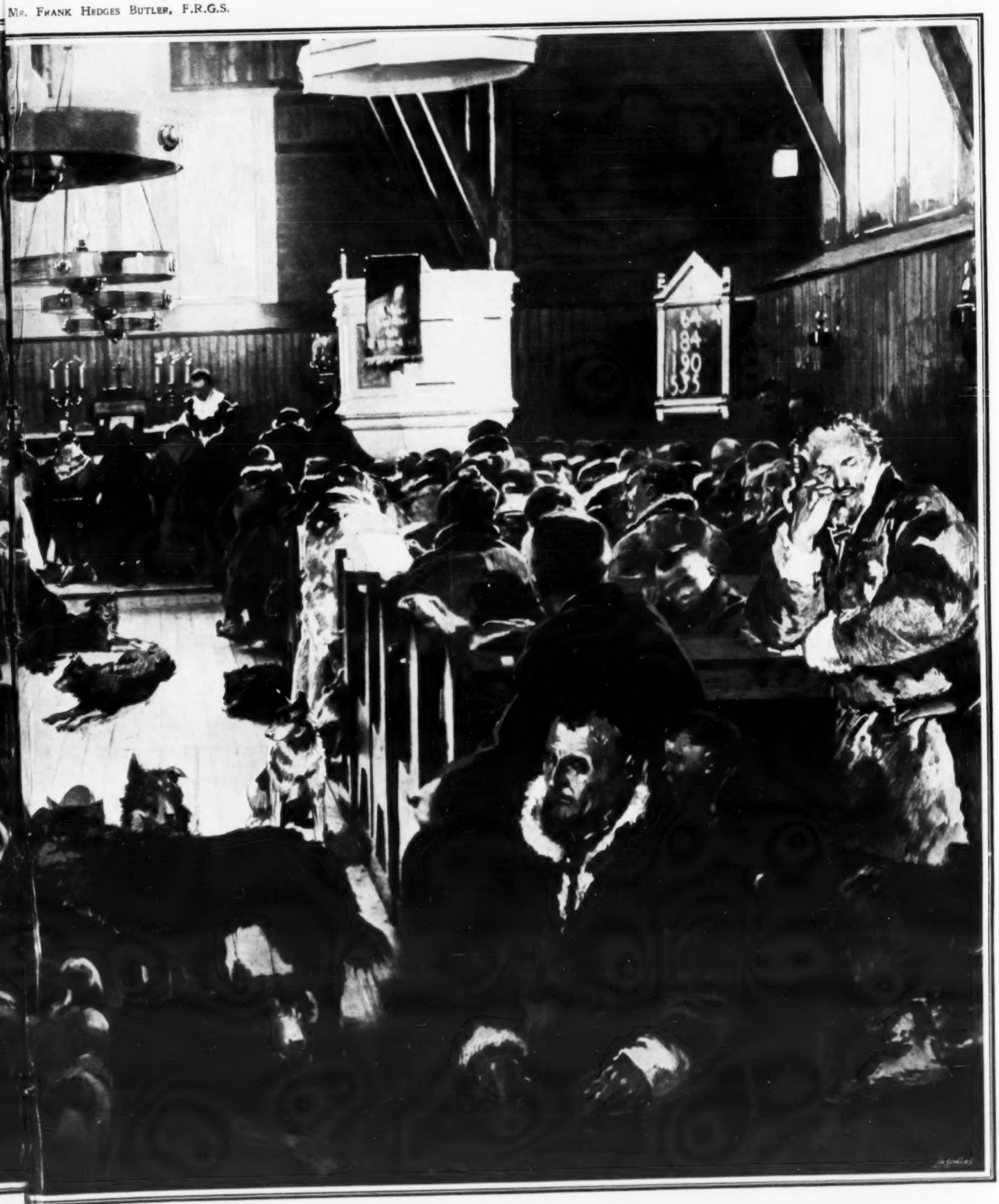
TIN

THE

to the ch
dogs follo
the dogs
wakes up
River, be

TIME: TWICE-YEARLY RELIGIOUS CEREMONY IN LAPLAND.

Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, F.R.G.S.

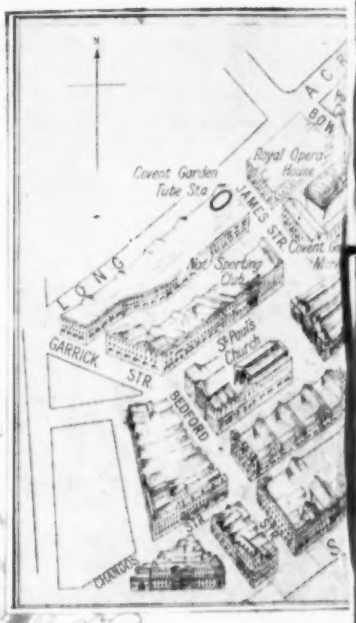


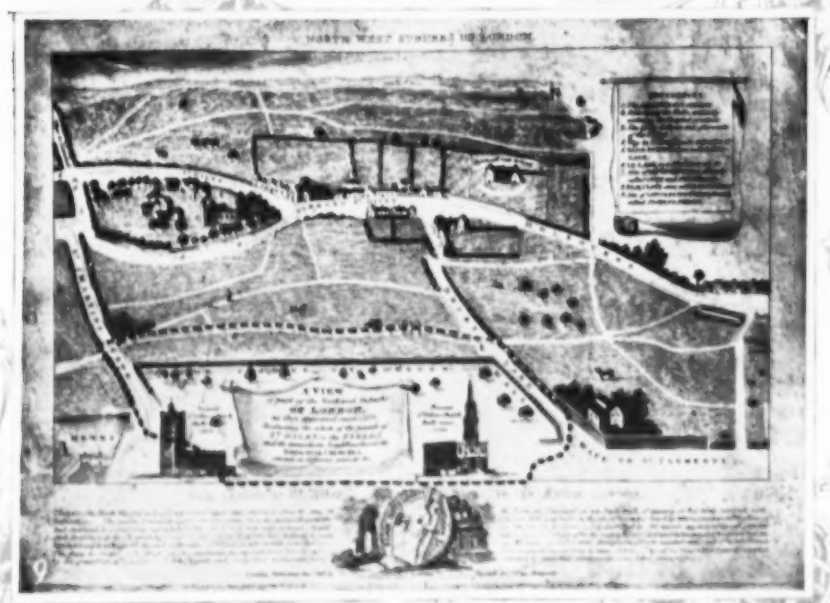
THEY SLEEP AT COLLECTION-TIME, ARE AWAKENED BY THE TINKLING OF A REINDEER-BELL.

to the church. I have counted on a single occasion twenty running about in the building or sleeping on the floor. At weddings and at the altar during the Communion service the dogs follow their masters. It is usual also for there to be many babies in the church; packed, mummy-fashion, in box-cradles and with reindeer-skins to keep out the cold. Occasionally the dogs will fight, and at least as often the babies will cry; but the clergyman continues as a matter of course. The verger who collects the offertory goes round with a bag, and wakes up those members of the congregation who have gone to sleep by tinkling a reindeer-bell at the end of a long stick." The church illustrated is at Karesuando, on the Muonio Eli River, between Sweden and Russian Lapland. The Lapps, who number about 30,000, are mostly nomads, and profess Christianity.

OUT OF THE HANDS OF THE RUSSELLS FOR THE FIRST TIM

Photograph No. 2 by Russell; No. 3 by Courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph" and Geografia, Ltd.; No. 4 By C.N.;





1. AS IT WAS IN 1809: THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN: FROM BOW STREET.
2. SELLER OF THE GROUND-RENTS OF THE GREAT COVENT GARDEN ESTATE: THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.
3. THE DUKE OF BEDFORD'S COVENT GARDEN ESTATE, THE GROUND-RENTS OF WHICH HAVE BEEN PURCHASED BY MR. MALLABY-DEELEY FOR A LITTLE UNDER £3,000,000.
4. PURCHASER OF THE COVENT GARDEN ESTATE GROUND-RENTS: MR. H. MALLABY-DEELEY, M.P.
5. IN THE DAYS OF TOM AND JERRY: BOW STREET.

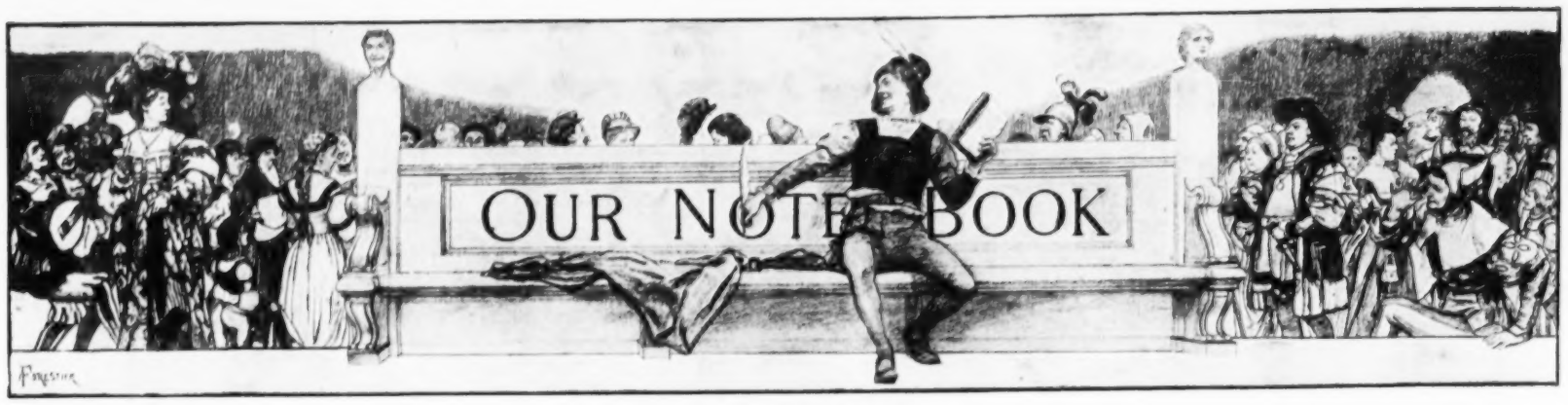
The Duke of Bedford's Covent Garden Estate, whose ground-rents only (according to the "Daily Chronicle") have been bought by Mr. H. Mallaby-Deeley, includes Covent Garden Market, the Royal Opera House, Drury Lane Theatre, the National Sporting Club, Bow Street Police Court, the Aldwych and the Strand Theatres, and the Waldorf Hotel. It covers about nineteen acres. Twenty-six streets or parts of streets are on it, but in the case of some of them, notably Long Acre and Bow Street, only one or two houses are part of it. The streets in question are Aldwych, Bedford Court, Bedford Street, Bow Street, Broad Court, Burleigh Street, Catherine Street, Chandos Street, Cross Court, Crown Court, Drury Lane, Exeter Street, Floral Street, Garrick Street, Henrietta Street, James Street, King Street, Long Acre, Maiden Lane, Martlett Court, New Street, Russell Street, Southampton Street, Tavistock Street, Wellington Street, and York Street. The purchaser has said that he bought the property as a private investment, that he has no syndicate behind him, and that he has no intention of forming a syndicate. The interests in the estate the Duke of Bedford has surrendered to Mr. Mallaby-Deeley include even the freehold box at the Royal Opera House and the freehold boxes at Drury Lane and at the Strand and Aldwych Theatres. In view of this deal—one of the largest, if not the largest, of private purchases of real property ever made in this country—it is interesting to give the

TIME SINCE 1552: THE BEDFORD COVENT GARDEN ESTATE.

BY C.N.; No. 7 BY "DAILY MAIL," SUPPLIED BY C.N.; No. 9 SUPPLIED BY FARRINGDON PHOTO. COMPANY.

6. IN 1747: A MORNING FROLIC IN COVENT GARDEN.
7. THE GREATER PART OF THE COVENT GARDEN ESTATE WHOSE GROUND-RENTS HAVE BEEN SOLD BY THE DUKE OF BEDFORD: A COMPOSITE PANORAMIC PHOTOGRAPH.
8. AFTER THE PICTURE BY HOGARTH: "MORNING"—SHOWING COVENT GARDEN.
9. IN 1570: A VIEW OF A PART OF THE NORTH-WEST SUBURBS OF LONDON INCLUDING THE CONVENT GARDEN.
10. ABOUT 1740: COVENT GARDEN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
11. IN 1725: THE HOUSE WHICH IS NOW THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.

following from the "Pall Mall Gazette" of a few days ago: "It was a stormy wind from the Channel that blew the Russells to fortune. In 1506, the Archduke Philip of Austria was driven ashore at Weymouth, and John Russell, a Dorset-land-owner, who had some skill in languages, was asked to wait upon the Archduke. He accompanied him to Windsor, and won the favour of Henry VIII. Hence a great house. In 1552, this John Russell, now become Earl of Bedford, received, by patent, that Covent Garden Estate which was part of the spoils of Somerset's attainder." In the same paper it was written that in the Calendar of State Papers for 1610, under the date of April 27, there is the following: "Edward, Earl of Bedford, writes to the Earl of Salisbury that he cannot sell him his inheritance of Covent Garden, having bound himself under a heavy penalty not further to impoverish himself by the sale of his property." In the following year Cecil seems to have obtained some partial concession. With regard to Illustration 11, it should be said that it shows the house of Lord Archer, in Covent Garden. This was converted into an hotel, one of the earliest in London, in 1774. In 1844 it became Evans's, famous for its musical meetings and suppers. In 1879 the renewal of the music license was refused. The National Sporting Club now occupies the building. Thackeray's "Cave of Harmony" was drawn from Evans's.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MOST sensible people say that adults cannot be expected to appreciate Christmas as much as children appreciate it. At least, Mr. G. S. Street said so, who is the most sensible man now writing in the English language. But I am not sure that even sensible people are always right; and this has been my principal reason for deciding to be silly—a decision that is now irrevocable. It may be only because I am silly, but I rather think that, relatively to the rest of the year, I enjoy Christmas more than I did when I was a child. Of course, children do enjoy Christmas—they enjoy almost everything except actually being smacked: from which truth the custom no doubt arose. But the real point is not whether a schoolboy would enjoy Christmas. The point is that he would also enjoy No Christmas. Now I say most emphatically that I should denounce, detest, abominate, and abjure the insolent institution of No Christmas. The child is glad to find a new ball, let us say, which Uncle William (dressed as St. Nicholas in everything except the halo) has put in his stocking. But if he had no new ball, he would make a hundred new balls out of the snow. And for them he would be indebted not to Christmas, but to winter. I suppose snow-balling is being put down by the police, like every other Christian custom. No more will a prosperous and serious City man have a large silver star splashed suddenly on his waistcoat, veritably investing him with the Order of the Star of Bethlehem. For it is the star of innocence and novelty, and should remind him that a child can still be born. But indeed, in one sense, we may truly say the children enjoy no seasons, because they enjoy all. I myself am of the physical type that greatly prefers cold weather to hot; and I could more easily believe that Eden was at the North Pole than anywhere in the Tropics. It is hard to define the effect of weather; I can only say that all the rest of the year I am untidy, but in summer I feel untidy. Yet although (according to the modern biologists) my hereditary human body must have been of the same essential type in my boyhood as in my present decrepitude, I can distinctly remember hailing the idea of freedom and even energy on days that were quite horribly hot. It was the excellent custom at my school to give the boys a half-holiday when it seemed too hot for working. And I can well remember the gigantic joy with which I left off reading Virgil and began to run round and round a field. My tastes in this matter have changed. Nay, they have been reversed. If I now found myself (by some process I cannot easily conjecture) on a burning summer day running round and round a field, I hope I shall not appear pedantic if I say I should prefer to be reading Virgil.

And thus it is really possible, from one point of view, for elderly gentlemen to frolic at Christmas more than children can. They may really come to find Christmas more entertaining, as they have come to find Virgil more entertaining. And, in spite of all the talk about the coldness of classicism, the poet who wrote about the man who in his own country home fears neither King nor crowd was not by any means incapable of understanding Mr. Wardle. And it is exactly those sentiments, and similar ones, that the adult does appreciate better than the child. The adult, for instance, appreciates domesticity better than the child. And one of the pillars and first principles of domesticity, as Mr. Belloc has rightly pointed out, is the institution of private property. The Christmas pudding represents the mature mystery of property; and the proof of it is in the eating.

Rear-Admiral S. R. Fremantle, M.V.O., Recently Promoted to Flag Rank.

Rear-Admiral Sydney Robert Fremantle is the eldest son of Admiral Sir Edmund Robert Fremantle, and was born in 1867. He entered the Navy in 1881, and reached the rank of Captain in 1903. He has collaborated in a work on "Nautical Terms and Phrases in French and English," and wrote the article on Naval Ordnance in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

The Late Cardinal Rampolla, One of the Most Distinguished Members of the College of Cardinals.

Cardinal Rampolla, who belonged to a noble Sicilian family, was born in 1843, and became a Cardinal in 1887, after being for five years Nuncio in Spain. He was then for fifteen years Secretary of State at the Vatican until the death of Leo XIII. in 1903. In the election of the new Pope, Cardinal Rampolla was a conspicuous candidate. Since the accession of Pius X. he has remained out of public view, though continuing to advise on foreign affairs.

The Late Mr. David Bell, a Well-Known Authority on the History of Ship-Building.

Mr. David Bell, who died recently at Glasgow, had been connected with the shipbuilding industry on the Clyde all his life, and was an authority on the early history of steamships. As a young man he was confidential draughtsman to Mr. Robert Napier, and later was taken into partnership in the firm of Napier, Shanks and Bell, of Clydebank. More recently he had been in the service of the Clyde Shipbuilders' Association.

Rear-Admiral A. C. Leveson, Recently Promoted to Flag Rank.

Rear-Admiral Arthur C. Leveson was one of three captains recently promoted to flag rank, the others being Rear-Admiral Fremantle, whose photograph we give, and Rear-Admiral Henry F. Oliver. The vacancies were due to the retirements of Admiral Sir Francis Bridgeman on reaching sixty-five, after fifty-one years' service, and the voluntary retirement of Admiral John Denison and Rear-Admiral W. H. Baker-Baker.

I have always held that Peter Pan was wrong. He was a charming boy, and sincere in his adventurousness; but though he was brave like a boy, he was also a coward—like a boy. He admitted it would be a great adventure to die; but it did not seem to occur to him that it would be a great adventure to live. If he had consented to march with the fraternity of his fellow-creatures, he would have found that there were solid experiences and important revelations even in growing up. They are realities which could not possibly have been made real to him without wrecking the real good in his own juvenile point of view. But that is exactly why he ought to have done as he was told. That is the only argument for parental authority. In dealing with childhood, we have a right to command it—because we should kill the childhood if we convinced it.

Now the mistake of Peter Pan is the mistake of the new theory of life. I might call it Peter Pantheism. It is the notion that there is *no* advantage in striking root. Yet, if you talk intelligently to the nearest tree, the tree will tell you that you are an unobservant ass. There is an advantage in root; and the name of it is fruit. It is not true that the nomad is even freer than the peasant. The Bedouin may rush past on his camel, leaving a whirl of dust; but dust is not free because it flies. Neither is the nomad free because he flies. You cannot grow cabbages on a camel, any more than in a condemned cell. Moreover, I believe camels commonly walk in a comparatively leisurely manner. Anyhow, most merely nomadic creatures do, for it is a great nuisance to "carry one's house with one." Gypsies do it; so do snails; but neither of them travel very fast. I inhabit one of the smallest houses that can be conceived by the cultivated classes; but I frankly confess I should be sorry to carry it with me whenever I went out for a walk. It is true that some motorists almost live in their motor-cars. But it gratifies me to state that these motorists generally die in their motor-cars too. They perish, I am pleased to say, in a startling and horrible manner, as a judgment on them for trying to outstrip creatures higher than themselves—such as the gypsy and the snail. But, broadly speaking, a house is a thing that stands still. And a thing that stands still is a thing that strikes root. One of the things that strike root is Christmas; and another is middle-age. The other great pillar of private life besides property is marriage; but I will not deal with it here. Suppose a man has neither wife nor child; suppose he has only a good servant, or only a small garden, or only a small house, or only a small dog. He will still find he has struck unintentional root. He realises there is something in his own garden that was not even in the Garden of Eden; and therefore is not (I kiss my hand to the Socialists) in Kew Gardens or in Kensington Gardens. He realises, what Peter Pan could not be made to realise, that a plain human house of one's own, standing in one's own backyard, is really quite as romantic as a rather cloudy house at the top of a tree or a highly conspiratorial house underneath the roots of it. But this is because he has explored his own house, which Peter Pan and such discontented children seldom do. All the same, the children ought to think of the Never-Never Land—the world that is outside. But we ought to think of the Ever-Ever Land—the world which is inside, and the world which will last. And that is why, wicked as we are, we know most about Christmas.

ASKING SHELTER FOR "THE HOLY PILGRIMS": CHRISTMAS IN MEXICO.

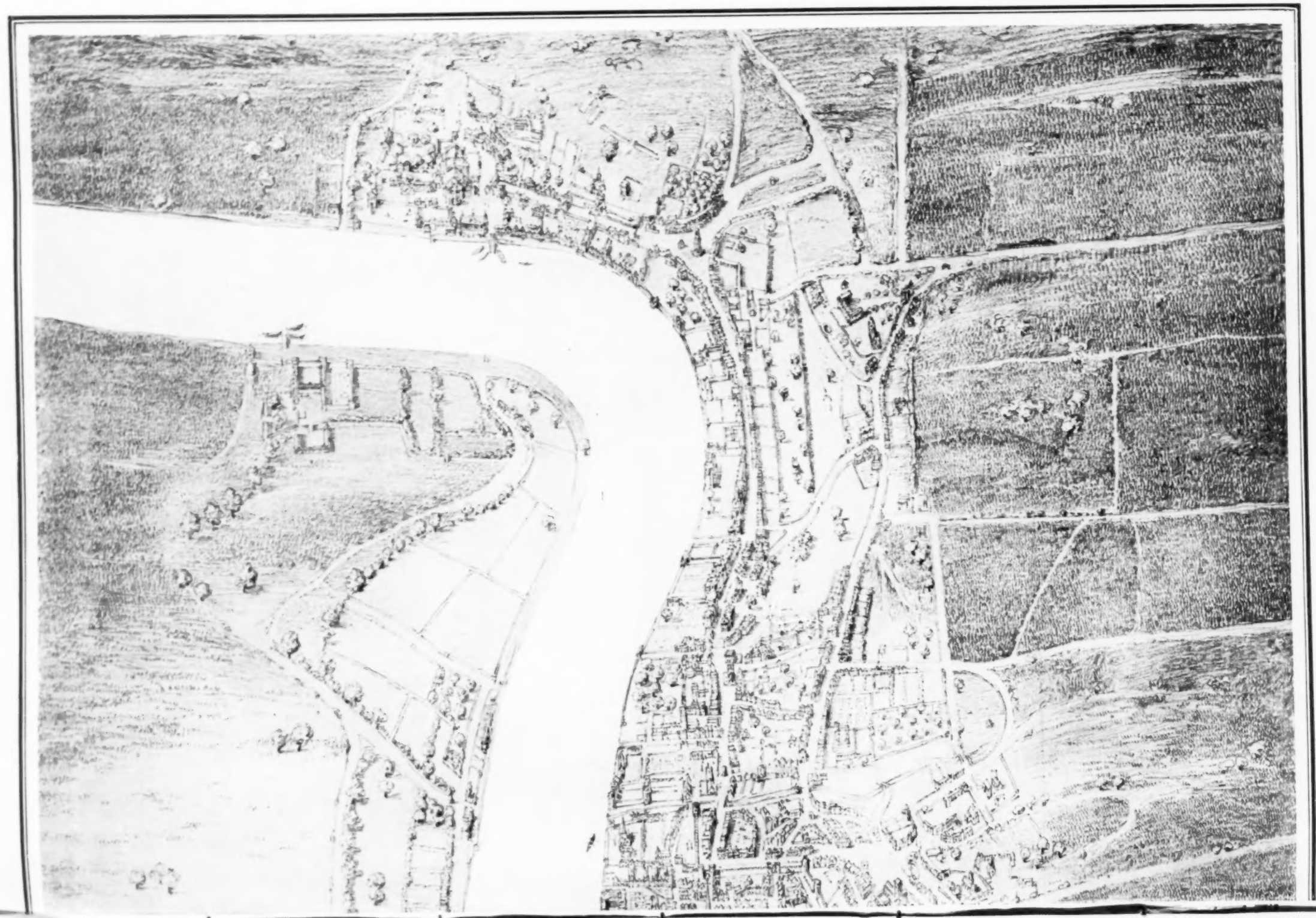
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.

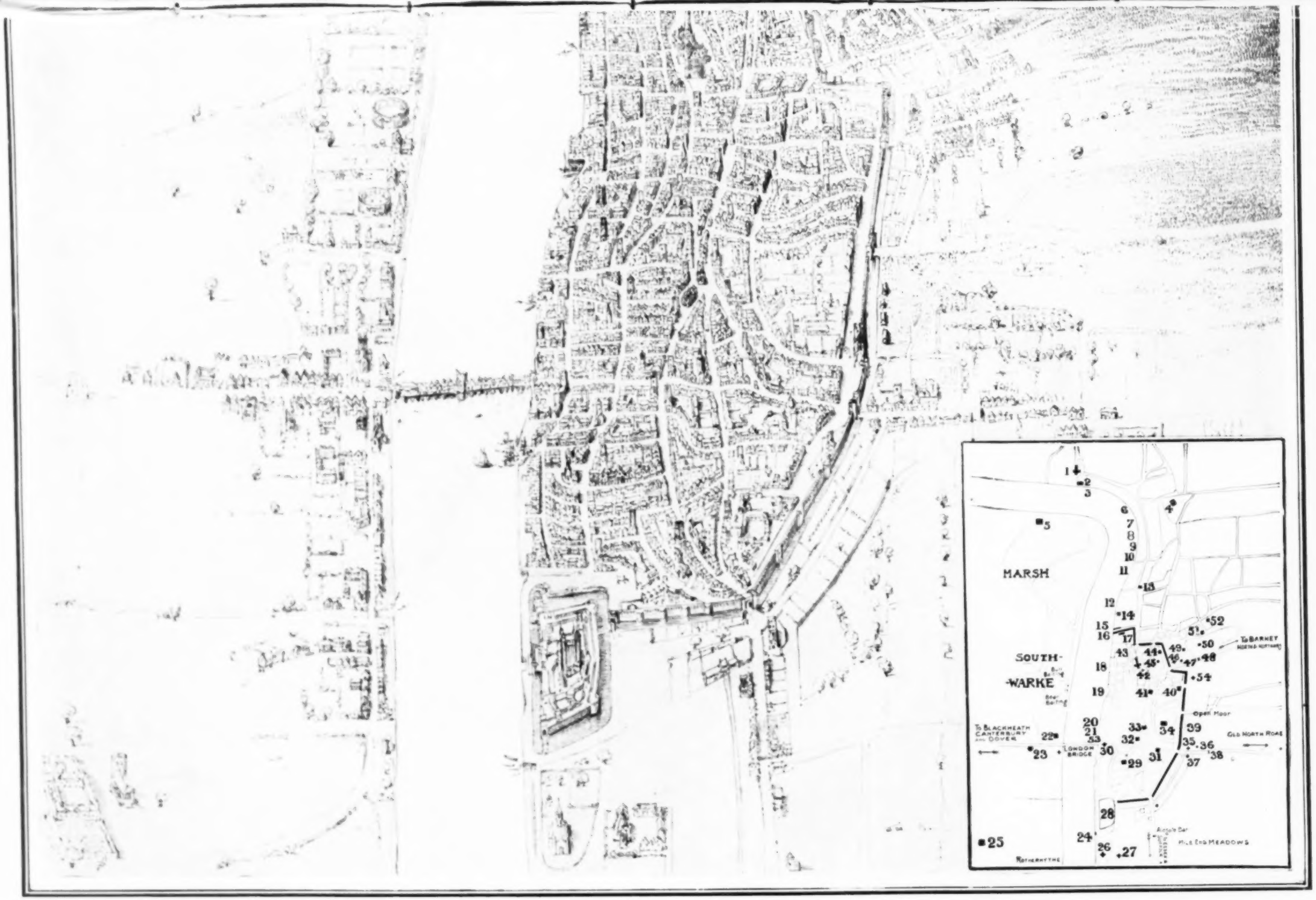
BEFORE THE WELCOME, WITH THE BLOWING OF WHISTLES TO IMITATE THE WARBLING OF BIRDS: KNOCKING AT THE DOOR ON THE ARRIVAL IN PROCESSION OF IMAGES OF THE VIRGIN MARY, JOSEPH, AND THE INFANT JESUS.

Describing the sketches from which this drawing was made, a correspondent writes: "As Christmas draws near, Mexicans each evening carry in procession small images representing the Virgin Mary, Joseph, and the Infant Jesus. They go from door to door asking, in a chant, for shelter for the Holy Pilgrims. Each line of this chant ends with 'Ora Pro Nobis,' and the accompaniment is provided by any musicians who may be at hand. At length, the processionists arrive at a previously selected house at which chant is answered by chant. After a good deal of singing and of waiting, the door is unbarred and thrown open; whistles are blown to imitate the warbling of birds; and the Pilgrims enter. The images are placed in a grotto of leaves and branches. Each then kisses the figure of the Infant Jesus. After this all kneel before the images and are led in prayer by some old Mexican woman. This finishes the ceremony, and merry-making begins, to last, in the case of that of Christmas Eve, until Christmas morning." It is to be hoped the season of "peace on earth and goodwill among men" may have a calming effect in Mexico.

BEFORE THE BEDFORD COVENT GARDEN ESTATE: LONDON—OF LOW-PRICED LAND.

Drawn by A. Hugh Fisher from Documents of the Period.





SHOWING THE GROUND WHICH RECENTLY SOLD FOR MILLIONS AS A SPARSELY POPULATED DISTRICT: LONDON IN THE 14TH CENTURY.

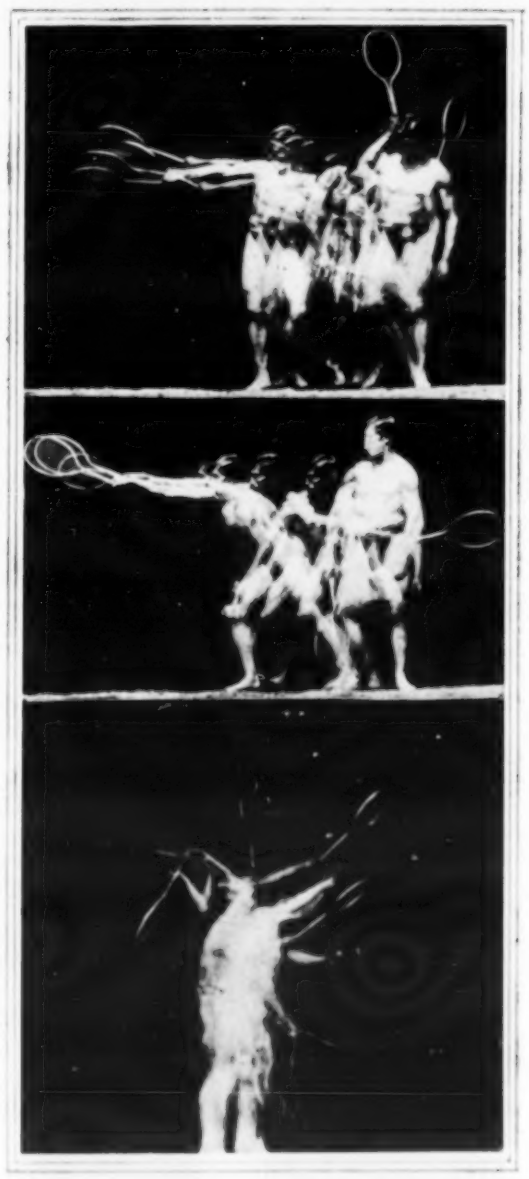
The numbers on our key refer to the following:—1. Abbey of St. Peter. 2. Westminster Palace and Hall. 3. King's Stairs. 4. Hospital of St. Giles in the Fields. 5. Lambeth Palace. 6. York House. 7. Durham House. 8. Bedford House. 9. The Savoy. 10. Somerset House. 11. Arundel House. 12. The Temple. 13. Temple Bar. 14. Whitefriars. 15. Palace of Bridewell. 16. Fleet Ditch. 17. Blackfriars. 18. Baynard's Castle. 19. Queenhithe. 20. Hall of the Hanseatic Merchants. 21. Cold Harbour. 22. Priory of St. Mary Overy. 23. The Tabard. 24. Iron gate stairs for boats. 25. Bermondsey Abbey. 26. St. Catherine's. 27. The Abbey of Grace, or Eastminster. 28. The Tower. 29. Crutched Friars. 30. St. Magnus. 31. St. Helen's Nunnery. 32. Austin Friars. 33. Hospital of St. Anthony. 34. Holy Trinity Priory. 35. St. Botolph. 36. St. Mary Bethlehem. 37. The Dolphin Inn. 38. Bishopgate Bar. 39. Kennels of the City Hunt. 40. Elsing Spittal. 41. St. Thomas of Acon. 42. Paul's Cross. 43. St. Paul's. 44. Grey Friars. 45. St. Martin's Le Grand. 46. St. Botolph's. 47. House of St. Fabian and St. Sebastian. 48. Aldersgate Bar. 49. Hospital and Priory of St. Bartholomew. 50. The Carthusians. 51. House of the Knights Hospitallers. 52. House of the Clerkenwell Nuns. 53. Fishmongers' Hall. 54. St. Giles's.

The Illustrated London News, Dec. 27, 1913.

WHAT AM I DOING WRONG? THE ANALYSIS OF ATHLETIC MOVEMENTS.

THAT the Continental nations and the Americans sometimes take their training for sports more seriously than we do is evident. The French, in particular, have brought the latest discoveries of science to bear upon it, as demonstrated by our illustrations, which were taken in the Ecole Normale de Gymnastique et d'Escrime at Joinville on the Marne. The School possesses a very complete laboratory for the recording and registration of the physical conformation and development of its pupils before, during, and after training, and applies the studies thus obtained to the choosing and instruction of the gymnastic staff of the Army. Most of the apparatus here shown was devised by M. Demeny when Professor of Physiology at the School in question. The first thing to be done is to ascertain and record the capacity of the pupil for training. As is well known, it is not everyone who can stand training, or who can be brought by it to such a perfection of physical development as will lead to excellence in gymnastics and fencing. For this purpose there are employed, in addition to instruments for measuring the conformation of the body when at rest, others for recording its actions when in movement and the effect upon it produced by such movement. Among these last are to be especially noticed here the Spirometer, which registers, by the rising and sinking of a submerged cylinder like a miniature gas-holder, the volume of air drawn in and expelled by the pupil's lungs. There are also figured the Pneumograph, which records the extent of the dilatation of the thorax before and after training; and the Ergograph of the late Professor Mosso, of Turin, which registers the extent of the contraction of the muscles and its weakening by fatigue as evidenced by the bending and extension of the fingers when the fore-arm is enclosed in the machine. In both these cases, the effect is produced by a closed elastic membrane, like an inflated bladder, pressing lightly on the part to be measured, which by means of a flexible tube operates a point capable of making a continuous mark

(Continued below.)



(Continued.)

on a drum covered with blackened paper and revolving at a known speed. The same principle is employed in the recording barometer often seen in opticians' windows, and results in a "graph" or chart like the temperature charts used in hospitals. Of photography an even more novel use has been made. "What am I doing wrong?" is the question constantly asked of the trainer by his pupil, and as the trainer has generally only his own eyes to trust to, and these see the movement as a whole rather than its component parts, his answer is seldom to be trusted implicitly. The cinematograph will indeed show the master what the pupil is doing, and as Professor William Stirling demonstrated in his recent Royal Institution lectures, can, by slackening the revolution of the film-carriers, act as an analyser or decomposer of even such complicated movements as those of a bird in flight. But the expense of cinematograms and the difficulty attending their reproduction, prevent their use as records in a gymnasium. The Joinville School, therefore, substitutes for them many instantaneous photographs of the movements of a pupil taken on the same plate, which is fixed instead of moving like a cinematograph film. The effect, when the successive exposures are not very numerous, is shown in the illustrations of lawn tennis here given. When the number of exposures is very much increased, the effect is that of a "graph" or chart. By one means or the other, it is claimed that a complete record of the movements of the pupil at all stages of an exercise can be made and kept. What now is the practical use of such records? The answer is to be found in the studies on "Style," by M. René de Knyff and Dr. Reymond. Style in sports or games is to be sought after, not for aesthetic reasons, but because it can only be attained by the elimination of all movements which are unnecessary or a hindrance to the end in view. This is particularly the case with exercises like lawn or real tennis and fencing, where the timing of each movement is of such importance that their devotees must

(Continued below.)

THE SPLITTING UP OF MOTIONS: A LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER CHRONOPHOTOGRAPHED TO SHOW VARIOUS STAGES OF HIS ACTIONS.

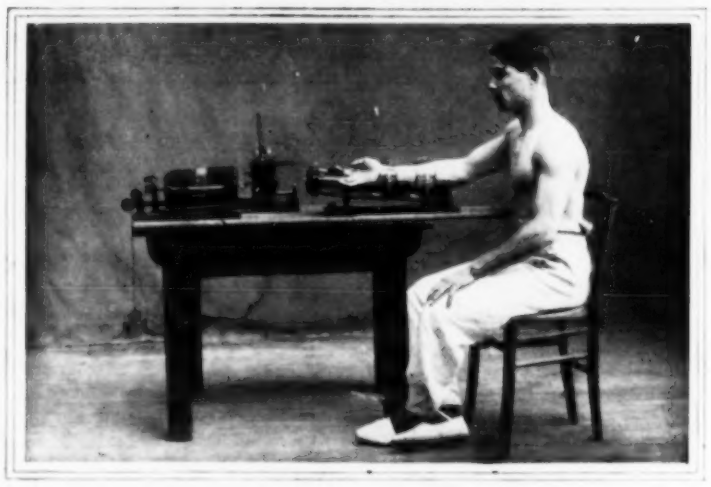
(Continued.)

learn first to make the movement required, and then to make it in a time so short as to admit of none other. This appears from our illustrations, which show what the particular movements ought to be. In short, this application of photography to training enables the trainer not only to ascertain beyond reasonable possibility of error exactly what it is that his pupil is doing, but also to convince him of the fact, and to show him how to correct it if faulty. By its use he can thus learn which pupils are and which are not worth training. The camera, in fact, chooses." To sum up, we may quote a word or two from "The Illustrated London News" of a while ago, in which we treated the same subject. "The moving-picture cannot be said to analyse movement really to any great extent, unless the pictures be shown very slowly. The Marey apparatus permits the

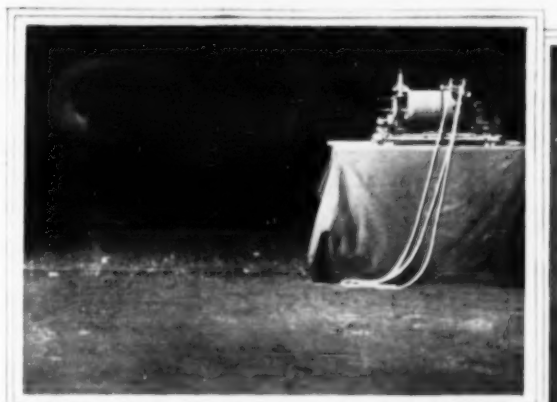
(Continued opposite.)

ARE YOU FIT TO BE TRAINED? TESTS FOR WOULD-BE ATHLETES.

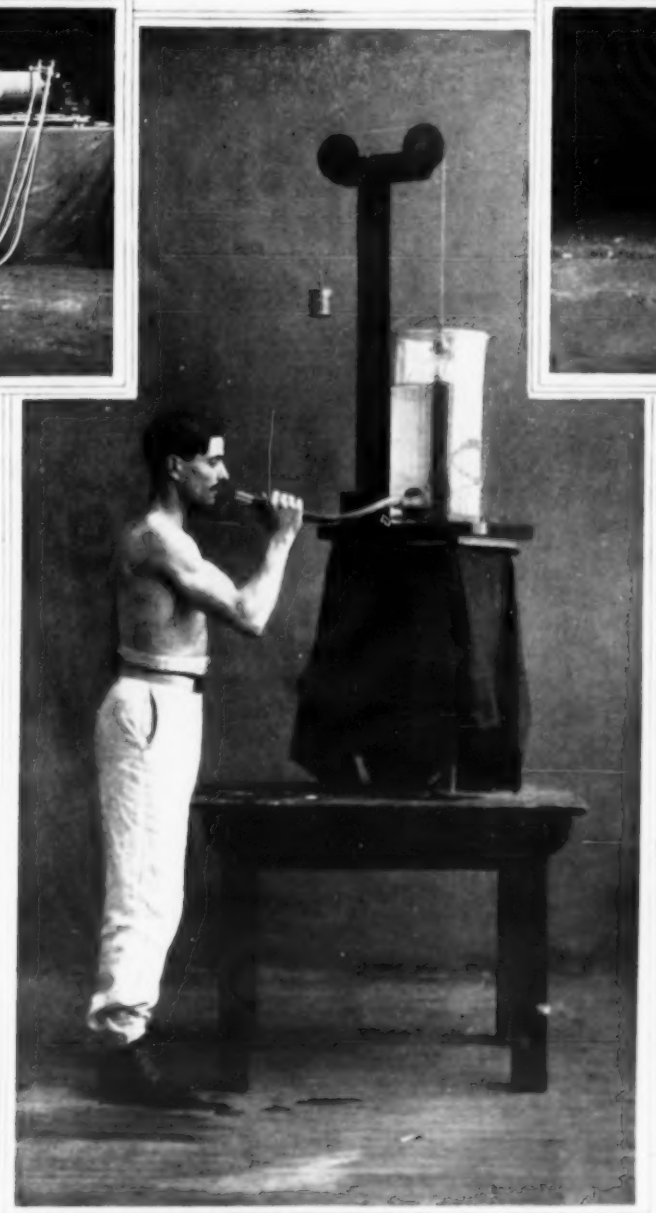
THE PNEUMOGRAPH.
Which records the extent of the dilatation of the thorax before and after training.



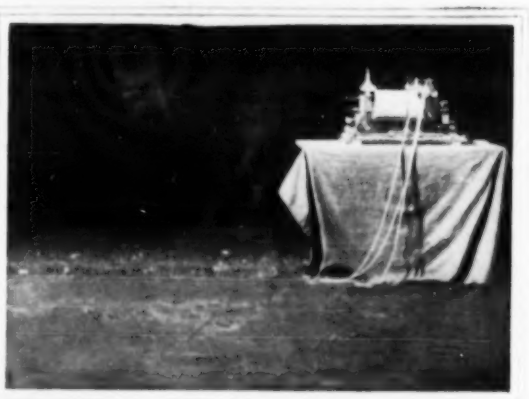
THE MOSSO ERGOGRAPH.
Which registers the extent of the contraction of the muscles and its weakening by fatigue.



AN EFFORT-RECORDER.
Which notes the pressure of the foot on the ground before jumping.



THE SPIROMETER.
Which registers, by the rising and sinking of a submerged cylinder like a miniature gas-holder, the volume of air drawn in and expelled by the lungs.



AN EFFORT-RECORDER.
Which notes the pressure of the foot on the ground before jumping.

THE DÉMENY "RACHIGRAPHE."
Which gives the profile of the body and the curves of the spinal column.

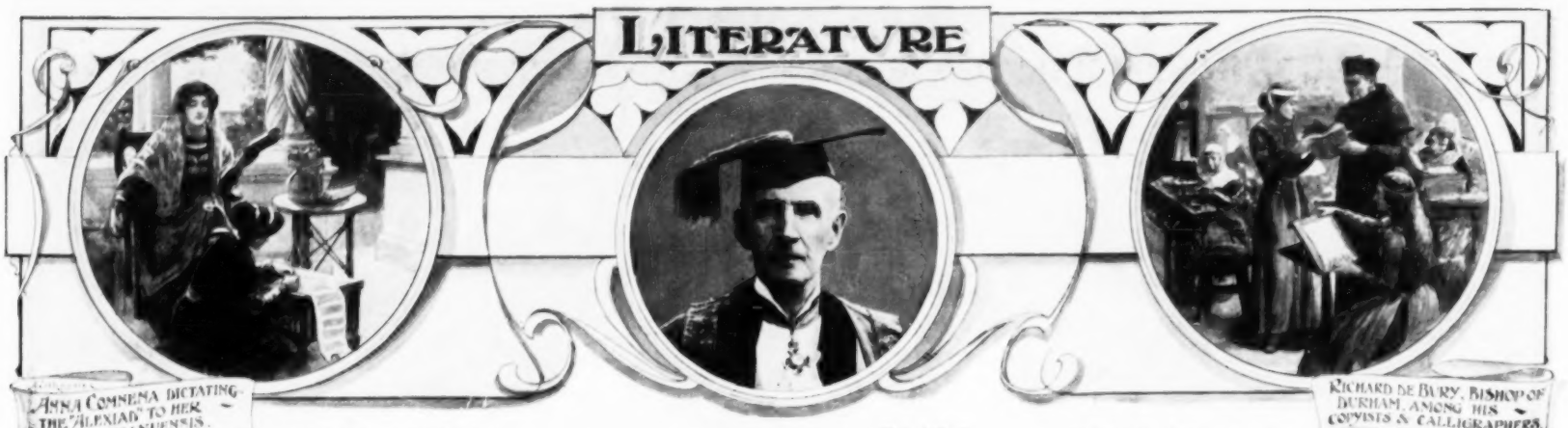
THE DÉMENY DOUBLE "CONFORMATEUR."
Which gives the back and front contours of the body and throat.

THE MAN OF SCIENCE AND THE TRAINED MAN: MEASURING LUNG-POWER AND RECORDING FATIGUE AND BODILY FORM.

Continued.

taking of moving-pictures slowly and on a single plate, so that the movements, instead of being photographed so many times in a second that when they are shown in very rapid succession on a screen they appear as they do to the human eye in the ordinary way, are photographed at a so much lower rate of speed that they divide a given movement—such as a jump over a vaulting-horse—into, say, half-a-dozen parts. The results, as our illustrations bear eloquent witness, are of very special value, and this is not lessened by the reminder that, of course, each photograph shows but one person. All the photographs were taken at the French Military School at Joinville."

LITERATURE



ANNA COMNENA DICTATING THE "ALEXIAD" TO HER AMANUENSIS.

Photo. Lafayette.

LORD MORLEY,

Whose new book, "Notes on Politics and History," was recently published.

RICHARD DE BURY, BISHOP OF DURHAM, AMONG HIS COPYISTS & CALLIGRAPHERS.

Art of the Great Masters.

At an overflowing season, the arrival of a work called "The Art of the Great Masters," by Mr. Frederic Lees (Sampson, Low), is not an event to stir the hearts of bookmen. Quarto volumes on painters and paintings have ceased to be exciting, and the outside of this particular book is discouragingly commonplace. In the design that adorns a cover of gold and brown and buff, Raphael is discovered in very tepid conversation with Michel Angelo; while Leonardo, Rembrandt, and one or two more stand in the background without attempting talk. Their obvious boredom is dangerously suggestive of the preliminary mood of the reader, and it is only when one has further examined the book that one resents their superior attitudes. The book, however, proves to be thoroughly interesting, for its subject is not the art of the Old Masters, but "the Art of the Great Masters as exemplified by drawings in the collection of Emile Wauters, *Membre de l'Académie Royale de Belgique*"—which makes all the difference. Instead of heavy half-tones from the same old, old masterpieces, you have nearly two hundred reproductions of drawings. And while reproductions of drawings are common enough abroad, we have in England been singularly behindhand in appreciation. In the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds the Englishman collected, and he is beginning to collect again; but, speaking largely, we, or the photographers, have neglected the draughtsmen. That the photographers, or makers of reproductions, have been careless of a golden opportunity is wholly blameworthy. There are pages in this book that give, line for line, the genius of the Masters: Rembrandt's lion, facing page 119; Ingres's figures, facing page 171; Mantegna's soldier (called, improperly, "A Sleeping Soldier"), facing page 9; Tintoretto's "Study for the Robes of a Senator," facing page 46—are all considerably more valuable than any reproductions, on the same scale, of the finished paintings. All the Schools are represented, some well, some not so well; and the book might be extended to thrice its present size if its pages were thrown open to debate upon doubtful or alternative attributions. But we are content to take it as Mr. Frederic Lees, with the help of the great collector himself, has given it. Even when the author relapses, as he is inclined to do at the slightest provocation, into such phrases as "the almost indescribable charm" of this or that design, we are not sure that the uncritical method has no advantages over the drier processes of the expert cataloguer. If we may classify Mr. Lees's style in the way that a drawing is classified, we put it, not among the Mantegnas or Roger van der Weydens, but among the flourishing Bouchers and Tiepolos.

THE INCEPTION OF A MASTERPIECE: A SKETCH BY PAUL VERONESE FOR HIS "MARTYRDOM OF ST. GEORGE, VERONA."

"At the top we see the Virgin and Child, surrounded by St. Paul and St. Peter. . . . Near the executioner, Veronese, who delighted in the negro's picturesqueness, has written the word 'moro' (moor) to remind him that there must be placed his favourite black man."

From "The Art of the Great Masters."

REMBRANDT AS A PEN-AND-INK ARTIST: "THE DEPARTURE OF TOBIAS."

"We come now to the studies which Rembrandt made for his Biblical compositions. . . . Here, once more, is set forth . . . his power to depict with the pen some of the most touching episodes in holy history."

From "The Art of the Great Masters."

THE ART OF THE GREAT MASTERS

As Exemplified by Drawings in the Collection of Emile Wauters, Membre de l'Académie Royale de Belgique.

BY FREDERIC LEES.

Reproductions by Courtesy of M. Wauters and of the Publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd.

A SKETCH BY ITALY'S MOST BRILLIANT EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ARTIST: "THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS," BY GIAMBATTISTA TIEPOLO.

"The most brilliant painter of Italy in the eighteenth century was Giambattista Tiepolo. . . . He has left us a very large number of sketches. The example before us—a *Descent from the Cross*—is a large drawing in pen-and-ink and sepia."

From "The Art of the Great Masters."

DUE TO THE VISIT OF A MENAGERIE TO AMSTERDAM ABOUT 1650: A STUDY OF A LION, BY REMBRANDT.

"About 1650 he began to devote considerable time to the study of animals. . . . The sojourn of a menagerie at Amsterdam having probably enabled him to observe them near at hand, he passionately set to work to draw them, and there exist more than twenty studies of lions made at this time."

From "The Art of the Great Masters."

A Historical Romance.

Baconians and others interested in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy should not omit to read "Uncrowned," a Story of Queen Elizabeth and the early life of Francis "Bacon," as told in his secret writings and in other contemporary records of her reign, by C. Y. C. Dawbarn (Longmans, Green and Co.) The story, which is dedicated to Mrs. Gallup, is based on the cypher "revelations," and on the belief that Bacon and the Earl of Essex were sons of Queen Elizabeth. Whichever side one takes in the controversy, the book is one of absorbing interest. It is, as its author says, a historical romance, with certain "embroideries," but "for the greater number of my inventions, particularly the more outrageous ones, authorities may mostly be found."

THE EVOLUTION OF FAMOUS PICTURES: STUDIES BY GREAT MASTERS.

1. RESEMBLING HIS "BLANCHISSEUSE" IN THE STOCKHOLM GALLERY: A STUDY IN RED CHALK ATTRIBUTED TO JEAN BAPTISTE SIMEON CHARDIN (1699-1779).

2. AN EARLY STUDY BY VAN DYCK FOR HIS FAMOUS PICTURE IN THE HERMITAGE GALLERY: A DRAWING IN CHARCOAL FOR "ST. SEBASTIAN."

3. RESEMBLING HIS FAMOUS PICTURE OF HIMSELF NOW IN THE MUSÉE AT THE HAGUE: A PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF BY GERARD TERBURG.

4. A SATYR THAT REAPPEARS IN PICTURES AT MUNICH AND DRESDEN, AND IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY: A STUDY IN PENCIL AND INDIAN INK BY RUBENS.

"To discover the springs of a painter's activities, to trace the progress of his methods . . . by the aid of the preparatory studies for his finished handiwork—what more exhilarating task than this could a student of art be set?" So writes Mr. Frederic Lees in his Introduction to "The Art of the Great Masters," as exemplified by drawings in the collection of Emile Wauters, Membre de l'Académie Royale de Belgique (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.), a fascinating book from which, by the courtesy of M. Wauters himself and of the publishers, we are enabled to reproduce the drawings given on this and the opposite page. As regards the above four drawings Mr. Lees writes, of No. 1: "The *ensemble* of this figure greatly resembles that of the woman who is hanging out the washing in Chardin's fine *Blanchisseuse* of the Stockholm Gallery." Of No. 2: "This pencil study constitutes one of the finest examples of his drawings, now divided amongst all the great galleries of Europe." Of No. 3: This St. Sebastian (is) signed by the master and executed in charcoal on bluish-grey paper, with the high lights in gouache." Of No. 4: At Munich is a very similar Satyr. . . . At Dresden it appears in 'Diana Setting Out for the Chase,' and in the National Gallery, in the allegory of War and Peace."

IN BIBLE LAND: "BAPTISED OF HIM IN JORDAN."

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

ACCORDING TO ANCIENT TRADITION, THE PLACE AT WHICH CHRIST WAS BAPTISED BY JOHN THE BAPTIST: ON THE WEST BANK OF THE RIVER JORDAN, NEAR JERICHO—A MODERN BAPTISM.

This photograph illustrates those verses from St. Matthew in which it is written: "Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judaea, and all the region round about Jordan, And were baptised of him in Jordan, confessing their sins." Describing the illustration, a correspondent says: "The illustration shows a certain spot on the west bank of the Jordan River, near Jericho, which is said by ancient tradition to be the place where Jesus was baptised by John. Every year thousands of pilgrims from various parts of the world visit this particular part of the river. Some are here baptised for the first time. Many bathe in the stream, wearing garments which they afterwards keep to be used as their shrouds. Others fill bottles with the river water and carry it home to be used in christening-fonts. Russian pilgrims are especially devoted to Jordan pilgrimages. Some Russians, both men and women, walk all the way from home, spending months of time on the toilsome journey."

IN BIBLE LAND: "WOMEN THAT WERE WISE-HEARTED."

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

AS DID THE ISRAELITES WANDERING IN THE WILDERNESS: A BEDOUIN WOMAN WEAVING INTO A CLOTH YARN SPUN FROM GOATS' HAIR AND SHEEP'S WOOL.

This photograph illustrates those verses from Exodus in which it is written: "And all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen. And all the women whose heart stirred them up in wisdom spun goats' hair." Also those verses of the Book of Proverbs describing a virtuous woman—"She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." Describing the illustration, a correspondent says: "This Bedouin woman, living to-day in the same wilderness where the Israelites wandered, is weaving into a cloth a coarse sort of yarn that she has already spun from a mixture of goats' hair and sheep's wool. The fabric she produces is almost precisely like that those loyal Jewish women made."

IN BIBLE LAND: "IN GREEN PASTURES . . . BESIDE THE ST

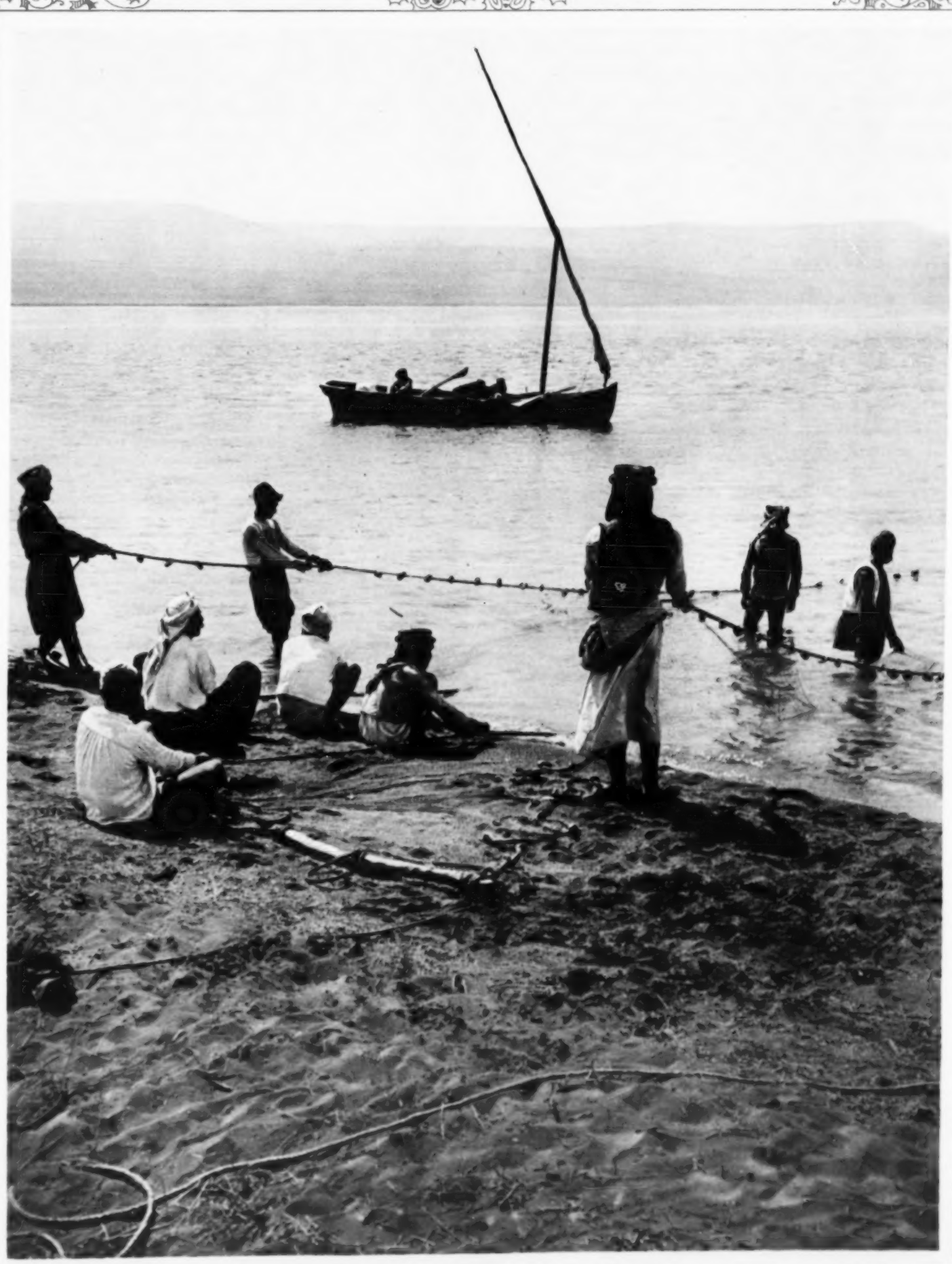
PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNDERWOOD

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD . . . HE LEADETH ME BESIDE THE STILL WATERS": SHEEP IN GREEN PASTURES ON THE PLAIN OF JEZREEL.

The first of these two photographs illustrates those verses in Psalm 23 in which it is written: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters." The second one illustrates those verses in St. Mark in which it is written: "Now as he walked by the Sea of Galilee, he saw Simon, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers. And Jesus said unto them: 'Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men.' And straightway they forsook their nets and followed him." Of the first a correspondent says: "The raising of sheep is one of the

"HE STILL WATERS"; AND "CASTING A NET INTO THE SEA."

BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD.

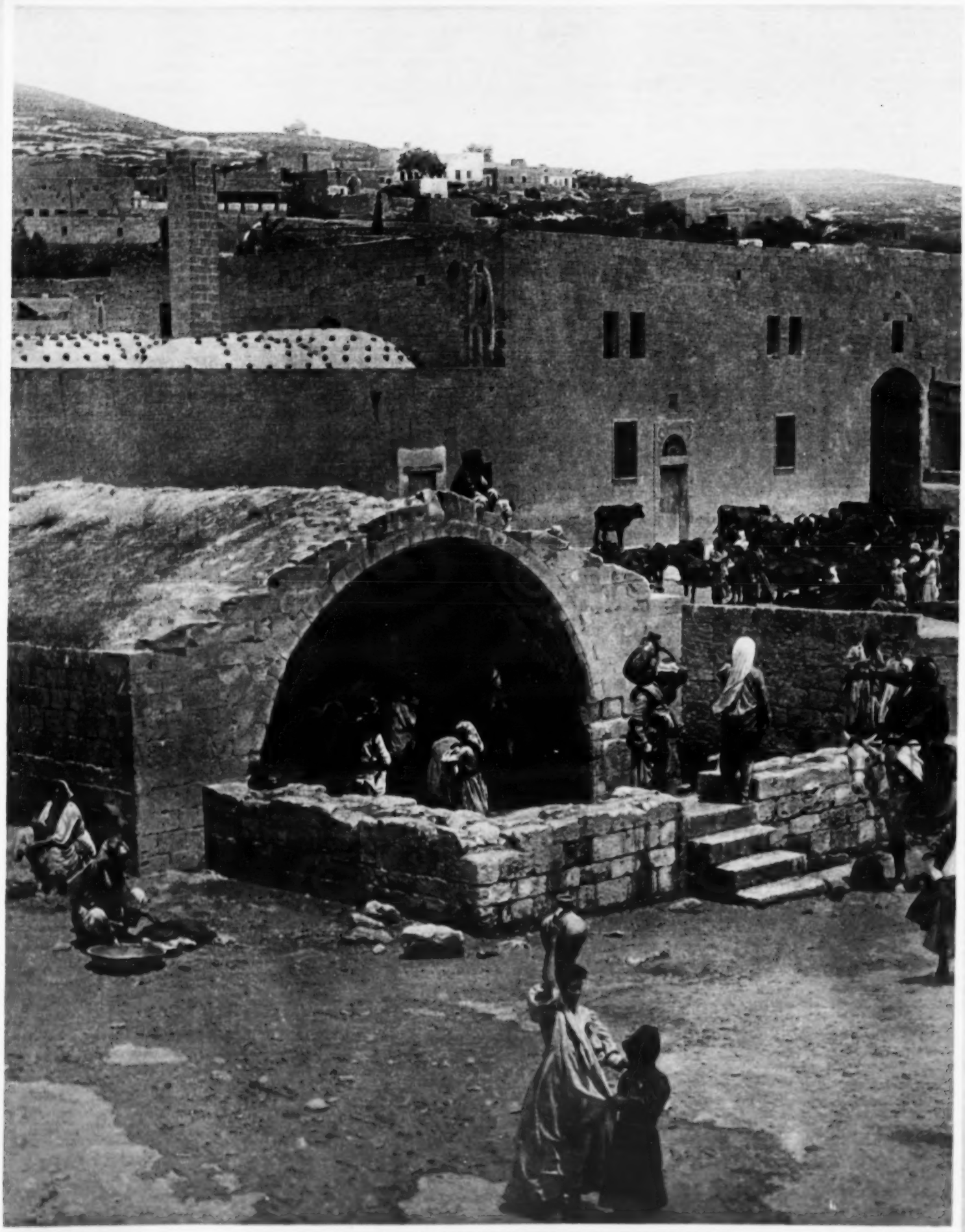


AS THEIR COUNTRYMEN DID MORE THAN NINETEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO: JEWISH FISHERMEN PLYING THEIR CRAFT.

chief means of getting a living in Palestine. This is true to-day, just as it was three thousand years ago, when the writer of the Twenty-third Psalm found in this common kind of work a beautiful and reassuring reminder of God's care for blundering, ignorant human-kind. This flock is feeding in 'green pastures' on the plain of Jezreel. Sheep are timid creatures and will not drink from a swift or noisy running stream." Of the second, he says: "These Jewish fishermen of our time fish in practically the same way as their countrymen of over nineteen hundred years ago. They use small boats, heavily built to stand knocking about in the frequent and sudden gales."

IN BIBLE LAND: "AND DWELT IN A CITY CALLED NAZARETH."

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



THE SPRING WHICH MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS, MUST HAVE VISITED MANY HUNDRED OF TIMES: AT A PUBLIC WELL IN NAZARETH.

In the second chapter of St. Matthew it is written: "But when he heard that Archelaus did reign in Judaea in the room of his father Herod, he was afraid to go thither: notwithstanding, being warned of God in a dream, he turned aside into the parts of Galilee: And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene."

Again, in the first chapter of St. Luke, it is written: "The angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, named Nazareth." Describing the illustration, a correspondent says: "This public well or spring at Nazareth, where all the housewives come every day for water, is the same one where Mary must have gone hundreds of times on the same errand as these Nazareth mothers of to-day."

IN BIBLE LAND: "NOW JACOB'S WELL WAS THERE."

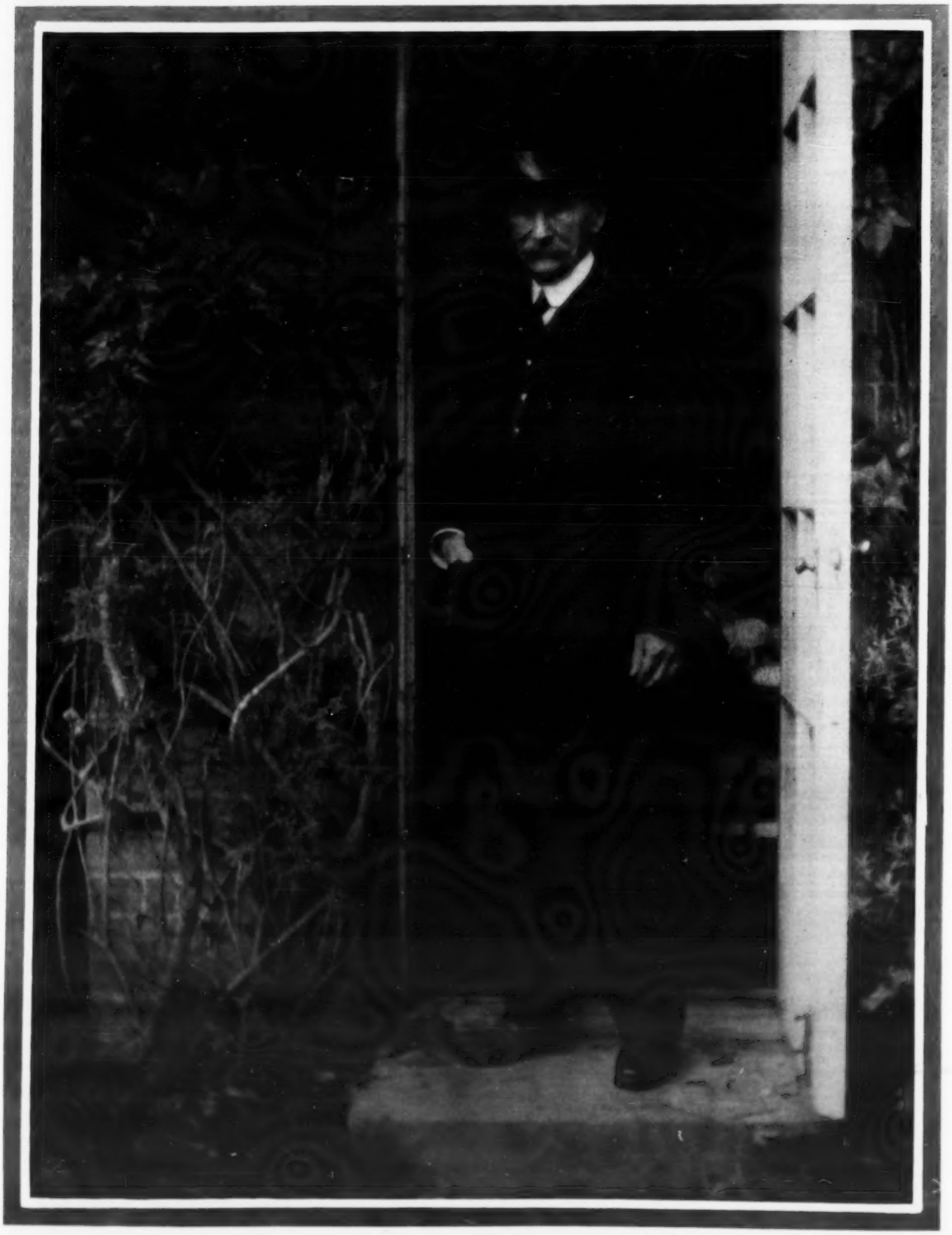
Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

THE WELL ON WHICH JESUS SAT WHEN THERE CAME A WOMAN OF SAMARIA TO DRAW WATER: IN "A CITY OF SAMARIA, WHICH IS CALLED SYCHAR."

In the fourth chapter of St. John it is written: "Then cometh He to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar. . . . Now Jacob's Well was there. Jesus, therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink. . . . Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? . . . . Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." Describing the illustration, a correspondent says: "This is the very well, with its old stone curb, of which we read in the Bible story. The woman who has come now to draw water lives in the same village as the woman of so long ago with whom Jesus talked of the 'living water'."

THE NOVELIST OF WESSEX: A FINE PORTRAIT OF A GREAT WRITER.

Photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn



POSSIBLE RECIPIENT OF THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE (1914): MR. THOMAS HARDY, O.M.

Thomas Hardy dramatised, as distinct from Thomas Hardy the novelist, has been particularly to the fore in London lately: the grim "Three Wayfarers" was given for a while before Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Magic" at the Little Theatre, and "The Woodlanders," adapted for the stage by Mr. A. H. Evans, produced by members of the Dorchester Debating and Dramatic Society, was given this month at the Cripplegate Institute by invitation of the Society of Dorsetmen in London. Our space being as limited as it is, we could not, even if it were necessary (as it is not), give a list of Mr. Hardy's famous works. We must content ourselves by saying that he was born in Dorsetshire on June 2, 1840, and that he was awarded that greatest of distinctions, the Order of Merit, in 1910. His recreations are cycling, architecture, and old church and dance music. At the moment of writing, there is a report on good authority that he will receive the Nobel Prize for Literature for 1914.

THE BRITISH INDIANS' STRIKE IN SOUTH AFRICA: SCENES OF THE AFFAIR.

Photographs by L.N.A.

ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN NOT IN AGREEMENT WITH THE STRIKE: INDIAN SCOUTS AND PICKETS IN A DURBAN STREET.

PATROLLING THE STREETS DURING THE STRIKE, WHICH HAS LED TO A SPECIAL COMMISSION: DURBAN POLICE ON A MOTOR-CAR.

As we have had occasion to say before in "The Illustrated London News," the trouble amongst the British Indians in South Africa was born of a Passive Resistance campaign against the new Immigration Law, the Indians demanding, amongst other things, the removal of the £3 poll-tax on Indians entering South Africa and the racial-bar which forbids the migration of Indians from one province to another. There has been considerable trouble in connection with the affair, even though before very long a number of the discontented coolies had returned to work. Shortly after the outbreak had taken a serious turn, the Union Government organised a Commission to inquire into and report on the circumstances of the

(Continued below.)

THE BRITISH INDIANS' PROTEST AGAINST THE £3 POLL-TAX AND A RACIAL BAR: PRISONERS BEING ESCORTED TO THE COURT AT DURBAN.

(Continued.)

strike in Natal, the use of force, and the allegations regarding the ill-treatment of Indian strike prisoners. The members of this are: Sir William Henry Solomon, a Judge of the Supreme Court of South Africa; the Hon. Ewald Auguste Esselen, K.C., who acted as a Judge in the South African Republic before the war; and Mr. James Scott Wylie, K.C., an eminent lawyer who was closely associated with the Indian problem in 1896, when he opposed the indenture system. At the time of this appointment it was announced officially that 24,000 Indians were working in the coal and sugar industries of Natal and Zululand, while only 621 remained on strike. Some hundreds were still in gaol, and about 300 were receiving rations from

(Continued below.)

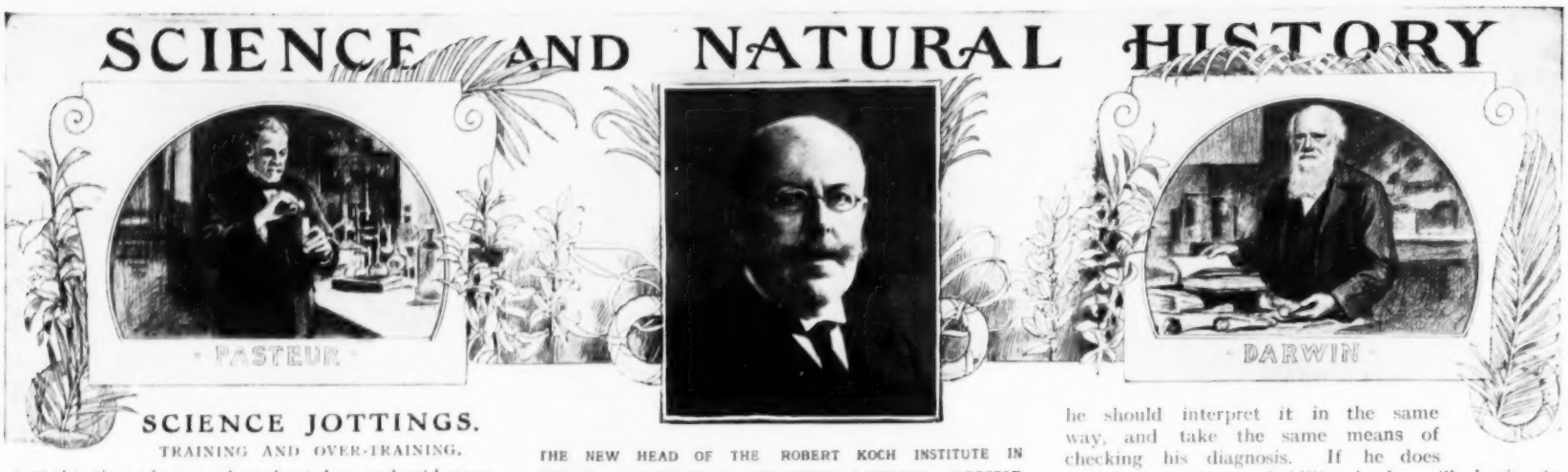
HURT IN THE DISTURBANCES IN DURBAN DURING THE NEW IMMIGRATION LAW STRIKE: A WOUNDED COOLIE BEING CARRIED TO HOSPITAL.

THE DISTURBANCES IN DURBAN DURING THE STRIKE AGAINST THE NEW IMMIGRATION LAW: THE POLICE CLEARING A STREET.

(Continued.)

the Indian Association. Mass meetings have been held at various centres in Natal to protest against the non-inclusion of an Asiatic representative in the Commission of Inquiry. Our readers will recall that in its initial stages the trouble in question gained additional significance when Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, the Viceroy of India, telegraphed about the matter not only to Lord Crewe, but to Lord Gladstone, Governor-General of South Africa. This action on the part of the Viceroy was much discussed in South Africa, and General Louis Botha, Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, said: "The Government so far have exercised the greatest moderation and generosity towards the Indians, who have really declared war against the laws of South Africa. . . . I deny in toto the accusations of ill-treatment which have been made." Shortly afterwards a deputation from the All-India South African League was received at the India Office by Lord Crewe, the Secretary of State for India, who said that the discontent in South Africa was a subject of deep concern to the Home Government. It was stated recently that the police guarding estates in Natal were being withdrawn.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

TRAINING AND OVER-TRAINING.

AT this time of year, when short days and cold mornings make games—as distinguished from field-sports—less pleasant than in summer, many men are tempted to let themselves go out of training. To be sure, training has lost some of its former terrors, and the number of men who try to keep themselves fit by taking regular exercise, regulating their diet and hours of sleep, and avoiding excess, is increasing, and training in this sense is carried on to a much later period of life than formerly. Moreover, it is just this class of more or less elderly men whom training most benefits, and who are most likely to be damaged by any relaxation of it. Youth is elastic, and any harm occasioned by a temporary departure from a strict regimen is quickly repaired by it. But in the case of a man no longer young, it is not. Once let the well-trained muscles get slack, and they will either lay on adipose tissue which will take months of severe work to sweat off again, or they will begin to lose their tone and resilience, and take an irretraceable step on the path towards degeneration. That this is the case with the visible muscles of the arms and legs is within the experience of everyone; but its most important effects are seen in the muscles of the trunk, especially of the abdomen and loins, and in the heart, which is the greatest muscle of all. The danger of suddenly returning at middle-age to the sports of one's youth without resuming training has, of late, been shown by more than one melancholy example.

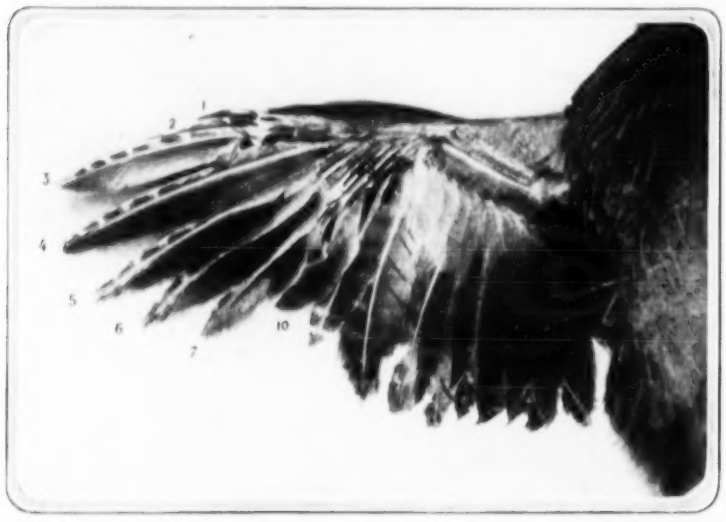
There does not seem, however, to be any reason why a man in fair health should ever go out of training at all. An agricultural labourer, compelled by the nature of his work to use his muscles all day, and by his scanty pay to live frugally, will keep himself strong and active at three-score-and-ten. That the same thing can be done without enforced privation or trespassing too much on time devoted to other cares, the upright carriage of two of our oldest Field-Marshals can testify. Nor are field-sports or exercise in the open air—useful as they always are—necessary to this end. Mechanical exercises, without the expenditure of time and money involved in games like golf, will do much; and although few will care to indulge in boxing or wrestling after the cape of forty years is doubled, there is always fencing, which is in most ways an ideal game for the elderly.

How, now, should a man know when he is carrying training too far—or, in other words, is taking too much instead of too little exercise? Dr. Georges Rosenthal, an ex-President of the French Société de Kinésitherapie, has just supplied us with an easy means of discovering this. If a man, he says, in the habit of taking regular exercise or indulging in active sport, at any age, finds himself becoming suddenly irascible or even anxious without assignable cause, let him slacken in his exercise. If he then gets relief he will know that he has been doing too much, and, in consequence, must reduce in future his output of energy. Or if, with or without this symptom, he finds that loss of appetite and of sleep follow upon active exercise, he should interpret it in the same way, and take the same means of checking his diagnosis. If he does not do so, the probability is he will begin to experience a rapid loss of weight which shows that more serious trouble is brewing for him, and will lead him, if he be wise, to seek medical advice. Another method of ascertaining whether one is overtraining may be recommended, on the same authority, to those who are out of the way of obtaining competent and skilled counsel. The instrument known as the spirometer, by blowing into which one raises an immersed cylinder in much the same way as does the gas in a gas-holder, will form a useful test. Let the man who thinks he may be over-training blow into this, not rapidly but steadily, and until he feels that his lungs are practically empty, before taking his daily exercise. After he has done so—whether the same be using clubs, dumb-bells, walking, running, or fencing matters nothing—let him repeat the process two or three times, with an interval of at least twenty seconds between each trial. The attempt should in every case be prefaced by three equal and regular breaths, and if he finds that he can only, after exercise, raise a smaller weight than before—especially if the diminution be gradual—he may be sure that he is doing too much. One way or the other, it is a man's own fault if he does not know when the limit of his capacity for training has been reached.

F. L.

THE NEW HEAD OF THE ROBERT KOCH INSTITUTE IN BERLIN: PROFESSOR D. FRIEDRICH LOEFFLER, DIRECTOR OF THE INSTITUTE OF INFECTIOUS DISEASES AT THE GREIFSWALD UNIVERSITY, IN THE PROVINCE OF POMERANIA.

Greifswald, town and seaport, has been the seat of a University since 1456.



FEATHERS AS AGE-REVEALERS: A WING OF A THIRTY-FIVE-DAY-OLD PARTRIDGE.

Dr. Louis Bureau, of Nantes, has been observing the grey partridge so keenly that he has devised a method of determining the age of birds. The moulting forms the basis of his researches. The moulting of birds is somewhat akin to the growing of teeth in man, but, whereas the teeth in man are not renewed after the second dentition, both with the cock and the hen partridge most of the feathers are renewed after the nesting season, and what is especially remarkable is that the moulting of the grey partridge takes place with absolute regularity. The feathers of the

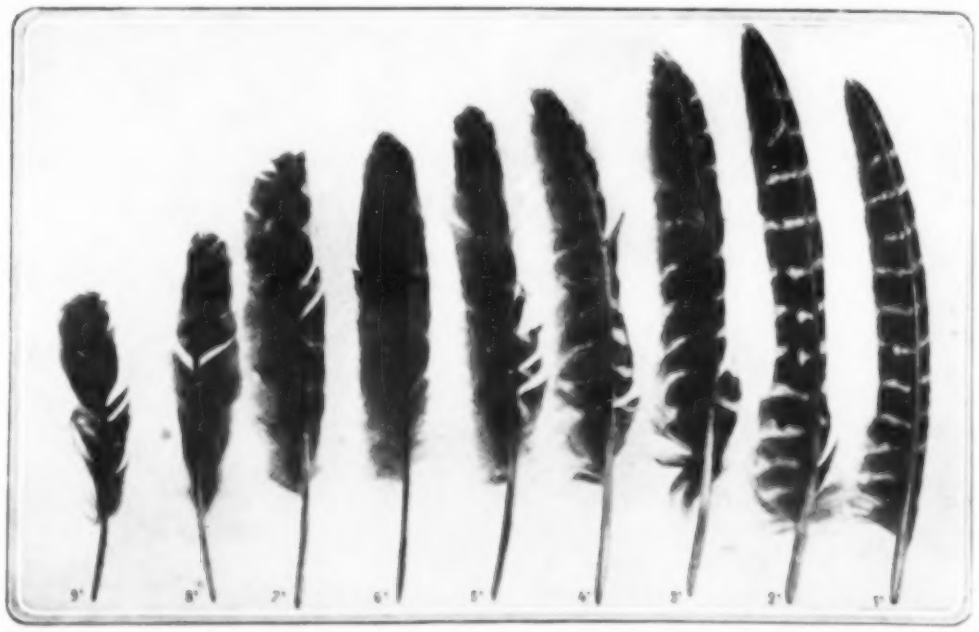
[Continued opposite.

A UNIT IN THE CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE SHOWING THE AGE OF PARTRIDGES BY THE WING-FEATHERS: A THIRTY-FIVE-DAY-OLD BIRD.

[Continued.]

wings are of two kinds, the flight-feathers and the digits which support the flight-feathers. The flight-feathers of the wing-tips are especially noteworthy from the moulting point of view. The quills 1 and 2 fall out only at the end of the year at the second moulting; the quills 3 to 10 fall out at the first moulting, which lasts from before the end of the first month until the age of four months. When the

[Continued below.



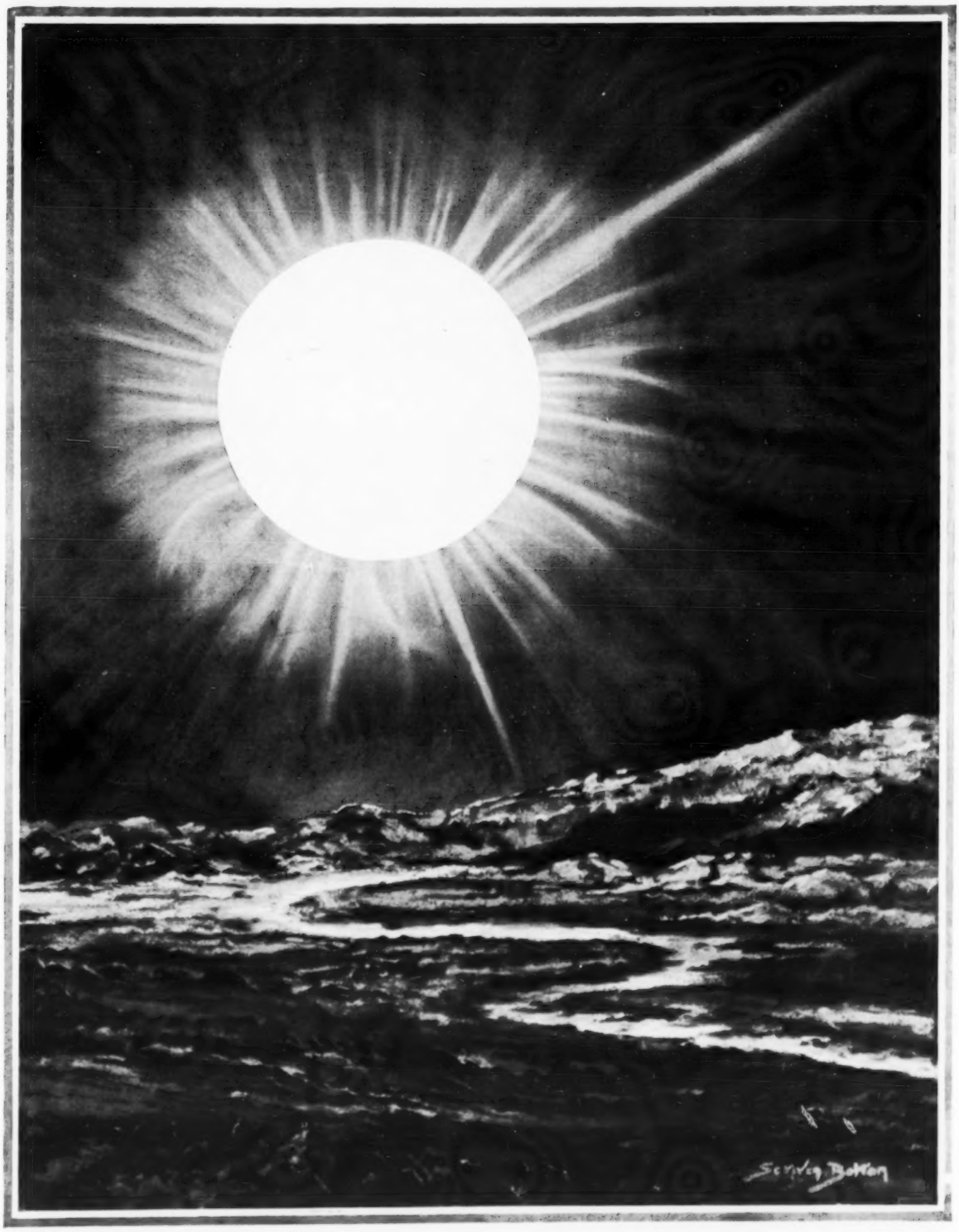
LINKS IN THE CHAIN OF EVIDENCE SHOWING THE AGE OF PARTRIDGES BY THE WING-FEATHERS: A SERIES OF FEATHERS FROM MOULTING BIRDS OF KNOWN AGES.

[Continued.]

tenth quill falls out, that replacing it grows immediately. When this, in about nine days, is 15 millimetres long, the ninth quill falls out, and so on. At longer intervals the eighth, seventh, sixth, fifth, fourth, and third quills fall, one by one, and are replaced. So the age of the partridge may be discovered by examination of the wings, when it is easy to note which quill has fallen most recently. Studying the subject and determined to set up a chronological table, Dr. Bureau bred partridges so that he might be able to note the exact development day by day and the progress of moulting; at the same time he collected birds shot in the wild state. Errors in calculation are, it is claimed, very rare, and the age of partridges can be determined with precision up to 116 days.

WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS: III.—SIRIUS, A CELESTIAL FURNACE.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.



OF GLOWING HYDROGEN AND FORTY TIMES HOTTER THAN THE SUN: A STAR WHICH TRAVELS ONE THOUSAND MILES A MINUTE AND, IF IT WERE NEARER THE EARTH, WOULD MAKE OUR WORLD RED-HOT.

Describing his drawing, Mr. Scriven Bolton writes: "Among the more wonderful phenomena in the universe, we have depicted above what would prove as such, were our earth placed as near to Sirius as it now is to the sun. The change that would overcome land and sky would transcend everything hitherto dreamed of. In the heavens would be poised a brilliant globe, twenty-five times larger than the sun appears to us, emitting, for millions of miles into space, gigantic fire-rays and coronal streamers. Bombarded by terrible heat, the earth would become red-hot; its atmosphere dissipated; its vegetal covering erased; its ocean basins turned into barren wastes, while iron would flow like water. The brightest of the fixed stars, Sirius, is now visible in our night-skies near the south horizon." Its distance is so great that its rays require 8½ years to reach us, notwithstanding that light travels 186,300 miles a second. Sirius travels through space at 1000 miles a minute.

THE CHRISTMAS RUSH AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE IN

Drawn by our Special

HANDLING AN INDIAN AND FOREIGN OUTWARD MAIL DESIGNED TO REACH ITS DESTINATIONS

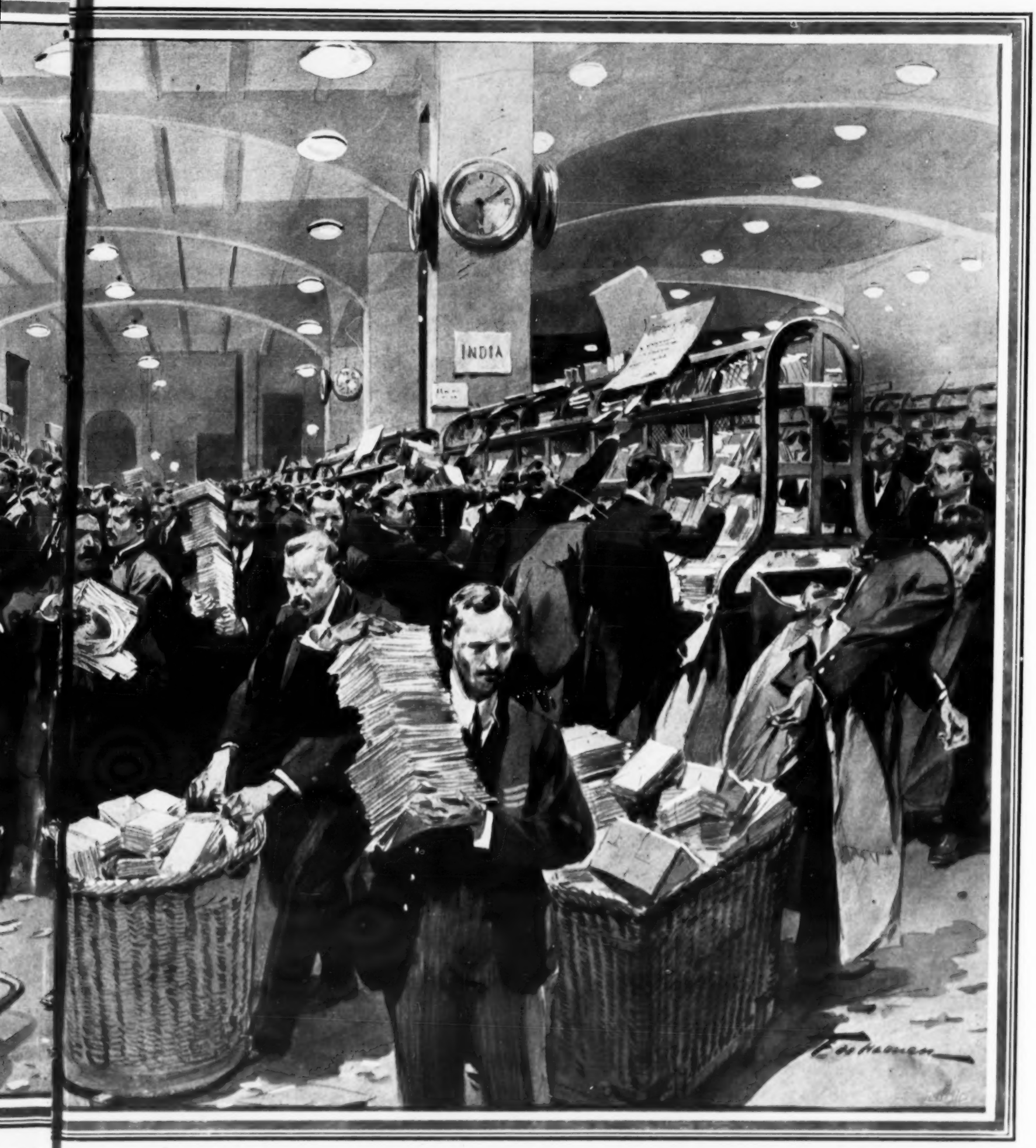
The sketches for the drawing here reproduced were made the other day when the talk of a Post-Office Workers' Strike was at its height, and Christmas mails for abroad were much in evidence. To quote "The Post-Office and Its Story": "Whenever we speak of the activities of London we have to deal with big figures. . . . We know there must be a huge staff employed at the head office in London; the statement that 20,000 is the actual number leaves us unaffected: perhaps even we guessed it was 40,000. We are fully prepared to hear that billions of letters are delivered in the City of London weekly; we are even a little disappointed when we know that up to the present the average is about 5½ millions. If we have been interested in the new building itself (King Edward's) and what it is expected to bear in the way of work, we may at least like to know that the total weight of the weekly correspondence passing through its walls is about 366 tons. I expect that if we were asked in a newspaper competition to state how many post-offices and posting receptacles there were in London, we should make a wild guess and say perhaps 15,000 or even 20,000. The actual number is 4650. The fact is the average human mind is incapable of realising facts when

E IN

OUR SPECIAL

LONDON: REMEMBRANCES FOR THOSE ACROSS THE SEAS.

ARTIST, FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN.



IONS

much
staff
hear
f we
eekly
were
when

AT YULE-TIDE: SORTING LETTERS, PARCELS, AND NEWSPAPERS FOR ABROAD, IN THE G.P.O.

stated in thousands." All the postal packets delivered in the United Kingdom in a year number something over 5,000,000,000: 32 per cent. of all letters delivered in England and Wales are proper to the London district. "It is also an interesting fact that we send out of this country a great many more letters than we receive from all the five Continents. Even in the case of America, the excess is something like 80,000, but one portion of America, namely, the United States, sends us more letters than we send to that country. . . . According to Mr. Schooling . . . the number of letters, post-cards, halfpenny packets, and newspapers delivered during a year in this country works out for each individual as 65 letters, 19 post-cards, 21 halfpenny packets, and four newspapers." The London General Post-Office includes eight buildings: The G.P.O., North; the G.P.O., West; the G.P.O., South, in Queen Victoria Street; King Edward's Building, which is for the Controller of the London Postal Service and his staff, and for the E.C. and Foreign Sections of the Sorting Office; Mount Pleasant; West Kensington; Studd Street, North; and Holloway, North.

Art, Music & the Drama.

AN OBSOLETE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT: THE ARCHLUTE OR THEORBO (17th Century)

A BENEDICTINE MONK WHO DID MUCH TO REFORM & SYSTEMATISE MUSIC: GUIDO D'AREZZO EXPLAINING THE NAMES HE GAVE TO THE NOTES OF THE SCALE (11th CENTURY)

OBSOLETE: THE REGALE, A PORTABLE ORGAN WHICH MIGHT BE CARRIED IN PROCESSIONS

ART NOTES.

THE unexpected is happening in South Kensington: the duel between Turnbull and MacIan in "The Ball and the Cross" is not more astonishing than the contest of the Porcelain Columns. Nobody, of course, dared threaten the famous refreshment-room on the Museum ground-floor (now incorporated in the new building), not because it was beautiful, but probably, one thought, because it was so ugly. As the ugliest refreshment-room in the United Kingdom it has a certain value. It, too, has pillars of porcelain; but the battle wages round those that belonged to an upper gallery.

Half-a-dozen champions have been writing to the *Times* to stop the hand of the vandals in the Ceramic Gallery, which, in the words of one correspondent, represents "the best period of mid-Victorian decoration." Alas! they protest too late. The lightly stencilled windows, the ceiling and walls adorned with pottery, the whole aspect of a glorified Continental stove are vanishing, or vanished. The best period of mid-Victorian decoration suffered, doubtless, at the hands of Morris; it suffered at the hands of Liberty and Beardsley; it suffers at the hands of Lutyens and Roger Fry; and lo, it is already rare! But the abominable Moody staircase and the abominable refreshment-room still stand. And these, if we are right in thinking they belong to the best period of mid-Victorian decoration, will surely suffice.

"QUALITY STREET": MISS NINA BOUCICAULT AS SUSAN THROSSEL.

Mr. Roger Fry is for the art that is at the heart of the barbarous Britisher; he is for real artistic invention in the things of daily life. The Omega Workshops in Fitzroy Square are full of the things of daily life, and of barbarisms. The signboard and the motors at the door do not, however, suggest that the fruits of his "own natural æsthetic cravings" have reached the populace. The chauffeur can see the sign, it is true, but only his very sophisticated employer can refrain from smiling at it.

"QUALITY STREET," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S: VALENTINE BROWN TELLS PHOEBE THROSSEL THAT HE IS GOING TO THE WARS. MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT AS PHOEBE AND MR. GODFREY TEARLE AS VALENTINE BROWN.

"Suitable for Christmas presents" is the brave boast of the Omega Workshops' announcement of its latest inventions. The attack is at the heart of futility—the manufacture of artistic trash. But the result is less admirable than the intention. The nursery, one of the model rooms in Fitzroy Square, is a nursery of horrors. The walls are splashed with such violent greens and scarlet that they leap and rock in paroxysms of discord. No child could be sent into the corner with impunity in such a chamber. Far kinder was Burne-Jones, who decorated the penal places with sweet-tempered and humorous beasts instead of with saurians heaving their "slow length from Nilotic slime."—E. M.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

A JEROME FARCE AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

FATHER and daughter shared the honours which a friendly house bestowed at the close of the first-night performance of the farce entitled "Robina in Search of a Husband," that now, along with Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Great Catherine" skit, fills the bill at the Vaudeville. The author of "Robina," Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, here shows himself in his most frivolous vein; and the actress responsible for helping to win his newest work so favourable a hearing is Miss Rowena Jerome, who more than justifies her promotion to the ranks of "leading-lady." Robina's is a part that would tax the most experienced of artists, since she is always at concert pitch of excitement, and it says much for Miss Jerome's staying power and vivacity that she never flags through four acts of mechanically worked humour. The heroine is a little minx of an heiress who, because she wishes to be married for love, changes clothes with a chambermaid and involves herself in countless embarrassments. An American, more romantic in his chivalry than any Mr. Shaw has ever conceived, and utterly unable to discover how his nationality is recognised, though he has the broadest of accents, has his share in the imbroglio, as well as a policeman whose dignity is scantly respected, and a crowd of burlesque characters. The plot is too complicated to detail, but the fun is fast and furious, and at this season fun is always welcome.

"QUALITY STREET": MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT AS PHOEBE THROSSEL.

(Miss Caroline Ross Comedian in the Number.)

"MISS LIVVY" FLIRTS AT THE BALL: MR. EDWARD DOUGLAS AS LIEUT. SPICER, MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT AS PHOEBE THROSSEL, AND MR. AUSTIN MELFORD AS ENSIGN BLADES.

MISS SUSAN'S WEDDING-GIFT TO MISS PHOEBE: MISS NINA BOUCICAULT AS SUSAN THROSSEL AND MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT AS PHOEBE THROSSEL.

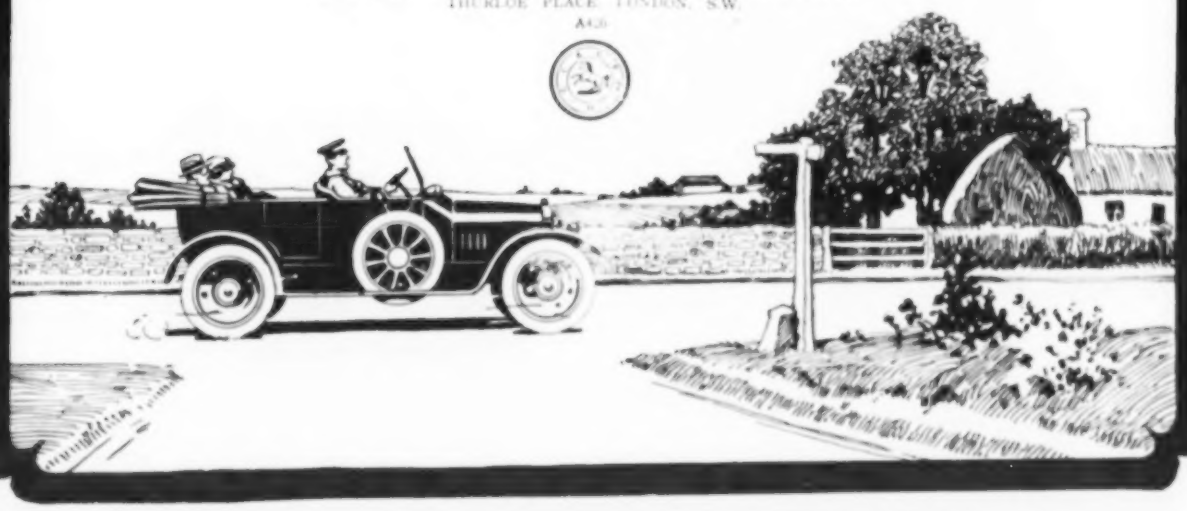
Photographs by Faulkner and Rowfold, Ltd.

Delighted
with
Continental Oversize

Tyres—and with good reason. Since fitting them Tyre trouble has vanished, driving is more comfortable, and the mileage cost reduced by over 40 per cent. after allowing for increase in initial outlay. They can be fitted straight away without alteration to rims or wheels, for

125 m/m Oversize fits 105 m m Rim
135 m/m „ „ 120 m/m Rim
150 m/m „ „ 135 m/m Rim

THE CONTINENTAL TYRE & RUBBER CO. (Great Britain) LTD.
THURLOE PLACE, LONDON, S.W.



LADIES' PAGE.

THE "unlucky" number of the year that we are just passing away from seems to have exerted itself in the experience of a great many people individually. Preposterous, of course, it is to suppose that the presence of the number thirteen in any connection brings or implies misfortune; yet how many instances there are of an apparent connection that fosters the superstition! There are theorists who tell us that we attract misfortune by anticipating it, or even thinking of it, and rebuff it or avert it by refusing to recognise the possibility of its existence. I have known women completely changed in their attitude of mind by imbibing this theory: from being grizzling, foreboding beings they have become hopeful and contented, and so have much improved in nervous health. But I have yet to hear of anybody with a badly decayed tooth who prevented its aching by self-delusion as to its non-existence; and the high priestess of the new cult herself sent for a surgeon to mend her broken leg, and did not merely assure herself that her leg was not damaged and therefore could not need treatment. There are, beyond doubt, states of mind that can be self-hypnotised into better conditions; and conversely, dwelling on misfortune and fearing it, especially as regards sickness, will tend to cause these calamities, by undermining the nerves that should struggle against instead of yielding to outer unfortunate impressions. But, on the other hand, there are innumerable varieties of "ill-luck" that cannot be affected, on any reasonable grounds, by our own inner consciousness, or by the presence or absence of our own fear or hope; and certainly of these most people seem to have found an unusual crop in 1913.

If we look from our own individual concerns to those wider ones of which ours form a fraction, there is little to cheer us; and we need not look to great strikes and war-threats for our troubles. One great and pressing social difficulty that is all our own is rendering home life wretched. The trouble that confronts women is the lack of domestic workers. I think that men have hardly awakened to the urgency of this problem. They still suppose that bad-natured, mutinous, inefficient, ever-shifting domestic service is in some way the fault of the mistresses of their homes, and fail to grasp the fact that the spirit of insubordination, and the dissatisfaction with current wages, and the revolt against doing all the real, hard, unpleasant work of the world, that is producing strikes amongst men in so many directions, is rife amongst the women of the working class also.

We hear much talk about a supposed "surplus" of women; about how this "superfluous" number of female wage-earners is "sweated", about the difficulty that girls find in earning their living honestly; and about the duty of encouraging and actively aiding the imaginary "surplus" to emigrate to the Colonies. The facts are, however, that we have not nearly enough single women in the prime of their strength to supply our need of female wage-earning workers; that any woman in good enough health to undertake active physical labour can instantly find well-paid work, with all possible kindness and considerations, in comfortable homes; and that to help the emigration of the girls of good character, strong physique, and willingness to do domestic work, whom the agents of the Colonies are continually seeking (for they do not want and do not take elderly or sickly women, or drunkards, or anything but our best young workers), is to imperil our social fabric, built up as it is on the individual home.

THE NEW TUNIC AND DRAPERIES.

An evening gown of black satin charmeuse with tunic of white chiffon edged with white fur, and showing beneath it gold and jet embroideries.

Sir Rider Haggard stated the other day that young and capable agricultural labourers also are being induced to emigrate in such numbers that British farmers have now immense difficulty in getting their work done. This, however, is hardly so critical as the shortage now existing of women workers who can and will do the rather heavy and trying daily drudgery on which all home-life has to be based. And if anybody doubts the shortage, so far as homes kept on modest incomes are concerned, let them try to obtain a "general" or "cook-general," really competent to do their professed work. The mistresses of such homes appeal to registry offices and squander their shillings on advertisements in vain; while any servant worth her salt, and not all but useless, or worse, in the home, is simply bombarded with offers of employment. "Characters" are almost ignored, and have become needless to the servant: for anybody who will light the fires and clean the grates, and scrub doorsteps and floors, and who can cook even a little, is eagerly engaged by some mistress. And how impossible good housekeeping becomes under these conditions, hundreds of thousands of middle-class women are to-day experiencing.

Richer women do not feel it; they pay high wages for the lighter work, and the real drudgery of the household is done by some married woman "charing." It is the far more numerous homes in which only one or two servants can be maintained and paid out of the income that are left servantless or badly served by the shortage of fairly robust and industrious women willing to do domestic work. And yet, even on the scales of wages in these smaller homes, domestic service is one of the best-paid occupations open to women, for the money is the least part of the remuneration. Food, lodging, firing, lighting and laundry, make the wages high in domestic service as compared with most working women's occupations.

"Cimolite," prepared only by Mr. Taylor, 13, Baker Street, Portman Square, London, but sold by all chemists and stores, is the name for a series of most delightful preparations for the skin. The base is that invaluable natural product, Fuller's earth, but in these "Cimolite" preparations a rare variety, naturally white, and much more pure than the ordinary, is employed. "Cimolite" soap, and an emollient toilet cream, a nursery powder, a complexion powder, and a comforting shaving soap, are prepared with "Cimolite."

FILOMENA.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH!

SCRUBB'S AMMONIA

THE TO CLEANLINESS

FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD USE

BRIGHTENS ALL IT TOUCHES!

AVOID INJURIOUS SUBSTITUTES

INVALUABLE FOR TOILET PURPOSES. SPLENDID CLEANSER FOR THE HAIR.
REMOVES STAINS AND GREASE SPOTS FROM CLOTHING.
REFRESHING AS A TURKISH BATH. RESTORES THE COLOUR TO CARPETS.
CLEANS PLATE, JEWELLERY, SPONGES, ETC., ETC.
ALLAYS THE IRRITATION CAUSED BY MOSQUITO BITES.

PURITY AND STRENGTH.

"Take off those wet things at once and get

into a hot mustard-bath this very minute!"

How many serious illnesses have been prevented by the following out of that sage advice! Helpful as is an ordinary hot bath in times of chill, exposure or over-fatigue, its benefits are as nothing when compared with the extraordinary action of a mustard-bath on the human system.

An ordinary warm or hot bath opens the pores, but, so to speak, "puts in" nothing. A warm or hot mustard-bath opens the pores, and through them "feeds" the muscular and nervous systems and the cutaneous blood-vessels with the marvellously invigorating properties generated by the combination of the mustard oils and the water.

It is this peculiar chemical action which has firmly established the value of the mustard-bath as a soother of the nerves, and as a check to chills.

Considered as a delightful softener of the water, mustard is a luxury in the bath. Considered as a health-benefit, it is a necessity in the bath. And it is so cheap. Have you Colman's Mustard in the house? . . An interesting booklet by Raymond Blathwayt, with samples of Bath Mustard, will be sent free of charge on application to: J. & J. Colman, Ltd., Norwich.

'Let Master Mistard prepare your bath.'

"Listen to the violins"

The plaintive and sympathetic notes of the violin are reproduced in the Æolian Orchestrelle just as faithfully as are the notes of the oboe, trumpet, horn, piccolo, bassoon, clarinet, or flute.

In playing orchestral music on the Æolian Orchestrelle you are able to render all the tones or tone-combinations laid down by the composer—no matter whether the voices required are those of the reed, brass or stringed instruments.

The Æolian Orchestrelle

provides you with the tones of an orchestra and the ability to direct them.

In spite of the highly artistic character of the Æolian Orchestrelle anyone can play it. It is constructed on the same principle as the famous Pianola and, by means of music-rolls, brings the performance of the greatest orchestral and organ works within the capacity of anyone who loves music.

You are invited to play the Æolian Orchestrelle at Æolian Hall, or to write for Illustrated Catalogue, No. 5.

The Orchestrelle Co.,
ÆOLIAN HALL,
135-6-7, New Bond St., London, W.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Nov. 27, 1906) of MR. WILLIAM ARTHUR SPARROW, of Albrighton Hall, Salop, who died on Aug. 12, is proved by the widow, George William Sparrow Sparrow, son, and Frederick Theobald Langley, the estate being £138,724. The testator gives to his wife £1500, an additional £1000 when she leaves Albrighton Hall, and during widowhood the use of his residence and £2000 a year, or an annuity of £250 should she again marry; to each of his sons, other than George William and Stanley Cyril Wellesley, £5000; to Frederick L. Langley, £400; and he confirms the settlements made on his two daughters and the gifts of large sums to his sons. All his real and the residue of the personal property goes to his son George William Sparrow Sparrow.

The will and codicil of MR. THOMAS IREDALE, of Holmacre, Park End Road, Workington, ex-Mayor, who died on Sept. 25, are proved and the value of the estate sworn at £128,549. The testator gives £2000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; £2000 to the Church Missionary Society; £2000 to the Workington Infirmary; £2000 in trust for building a church at Marsk Side; £5000 in trust for Mary Hedley; £100 each to the executors; and one sixth of the residue to his niece Annie Smith, and five sixths in trust to pay £20,000 each to his nieces Mary Grace Smith, Emily Searle, and Amy Johnston Shrubsole, and the remainder to his nieces and nephews Mary Grace Smith, Margaret Emily Searle, Amy J. Shrubsole, Frederick William Iredale, and Ernest Allison Iredale.

The will of MISS ESTHER DU BOIS, of 2, Belsize Park, Hampstead, who died on Oct. 25, is proved by Reginald Ferguson, the value of the property amounting to £69,483. The testatrix gives her residence to her nephew Henry Lindo Ferguson, and the residue as to one-fourth to the children of her deceased nephew Montgomery Ferguson, and one-fourth each to her nephews William Ferguson, Henry Lindo Ferguson and Reginald Ferguson.

The will and codicil of SIR ALBERT DE RUTZEN, late Chief Metropolitan Police Magistrate at Bow Street, of 18, Cranley Gardens, who died on Sept. 22, are proved by his widow, the value of the property being £1528 16s. 2d. He gives his property in the island of Jamaica to his wife for life with remainder to his son Frederic James de Rutzen; and the residue to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated July 22, 1913) of SIR FRANCIS WILLIAM MACLEAN, of 17, Rutland Gate, late Chief Justice of Bengal, who died on Nov. 11, is proved by his widow and son, the value of the property being £36,579. The testator gives £100 and the household effects to his wife; £100 each to his children; and the residue in trust for his wife for life and then for his children.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1912) of MRS. AMY SANDERS STEPHENS, of Stedcombe Manor, Axmouth, widow, who died on July 17, is proved, and the value of the property sworn at £90,198. The testatrix gives £30,000 in trust for her daughter Maud Elizabeth Sanders Stephens; £1000 each to the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, the China Inland Mission, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and Dr. Barnardo's Homes; £500 each to Owen Seaman and James W. Roy; £3000 to Florence Katharine Sinclair Leech; £100 to Constance Louisa Maynard, and £200 to her for Westfield College; £200 to the Vicar and Churchwardens of Rendham for keeping in repair the family graves and for coal for the poor; £100 each to her goddaughters; and the residue to her daughters.

Photo. King.

WHERE THE KING WENT RECENTLY ON A VISIT TO LORD BURNHAM: HALL BARN THE OAK LODGE.

The King arrived at Hall Barn, Lord Burnham's seat at Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, on December 16, attended by Lord Charles Fitzmaurice and Sir Frederick Ponsonby. On the following day his Majesty joined in a shooting party, among the other guests being the Earl of Dalhousie, the Earl of Ilchester, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, and the Hon. H. Stonor. Lord Burnham is, of course, the chief proprietor of the "Daily Telegraph."

TOPIARY IN LORD BURNHAM'S GROUNDS: THE YEW HEDGE AT HALL BARN.

"Ideal Winter Holiday Resorts," the latest addition to the Great Western Railway's admirable series of travellers' handbooks, has the merit of being helpfully practical. The book gives just the information required — where to go and the best way to get there. Not only the Cornish Riviera and Devonshire, but Wessex, the Cardigan Bay Coast, and a number of popular inland resorts served by the "Holi'ay Line," are set down in the handbook, and most of them are illustrated. "Ideal Winter Holiday Resorts" may be obtained gratis at any of the company's stations or offices.

Insist on
FREEZOMINT
The original French
CRÊME de MENTHE
CUSENIER
NO LIQUEUR BUT FREEZOMINT GIVES SUCH A KEEN AND DELICIOUS SENSATION OF RELIEF AND RENEWED ENERGY INHERENT TO THE PURE AND DELICATE INGREDIENTS WITH WHICH IT IS COMPOUNDED

WINTER SPORTS & RESORTS IN AUSTRIA.
SKI-ING, TOBOGGANING, SKATING & SLEIGHING.
Right
In the heart of the most beautiful Alpine Scenery
Comfortable Hotels. Reasonable Prices.
Write or call for particulars.
AUSTRIAN STATE RAILWAYS,
CANADIAN PACIFIC BUILDING, 62-65, Charing Cross, Trafalgar Sq., London, S.W.
Or any leading Tourist Agency.

PRISM BINOCULARS
The Most Powerful
ever manufactured.
AITCHISON & Co., whose name is of world-wide repute as designers and manufacturers of high-grade prism binoculars, are the only makers who have succeeded in producing prism binoculars magnifying up to 25 diameters.
The LEVISTA is indispensable where high power is the first consideration for Big Game Shooting, Nature Study, Deer Stalking, Travelling and Exploring
PRICE, WITH CENTRAL SCREW FOCUSSING, AS ILLUSTRATION:
SEVEN DAYS FREE TRIAL.
x 16 Magnification £9 10 0
x 25 Magnification £13 10 0
CARRIAGE PAID EVERYWHERE.
Write for Illustrated Price List No. 6 V. Post Free.
AITCHISON & Co., Ltd.,
Opticians to British & Foreign Governments.
428, STRAND, W.C.
Trade Mark.
The LEVISTA.
Fitted with wide aperture object lenses, and variable iris diaphragms, ensuring sharp definition and great light gathering and transmitting power.

Insure your life against Typhoid
and other diseases by fixing a
'BERKEFELD' FILTER
in your Kitchen.
Write for Illustrated Catalogue "W" to
THE BERKEFELD FILTER CO., LTD.,
121, Oxford Street, London, W.

PROMOTE HAIR GROWTH

With

CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment. They do much for irritated, itching scalps, dandruff and dry, thin and falling hair, and do it speedily, agreeably and economically

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold everywhere. Sample of each with 32-p. book free from nearest depot: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., Boston, U.S.A.

S. FOX & Co LIMITED PARAGON

FOX'S FRAMES

FOR UMBRELLAS & SUNSHADES

WHEN YOU BUY AN UMBRELLA OR SUNSHADE

always open it and look for the trade marks on the frame.

Don't judge by the Handle only, THE FRAME is the VITAL part.

After a test of 60 years FOX'S FRAMES ARE STILL THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Refuse all Substitutes

PARAGON S. FOX & Co LIMITED

NICE.

HOTEL RUHL,

And HOTEL DES ANGLAIS.

On the Promenade des Anglais and the Public Garden. 300 Rooms and Bath-Rooms, Apartments and Private Sitting-Rooms. Large Reception Hall. Spacious Restaurant. Latest Comfort—the Most Luxurious on the Riviera. Unique situation at Nice.

Opened November 20, 1913.

Director—Mr. E. BOB.

FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH

Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Delicious to the Taste.
Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER only,
Put up in Glass Jars, price 1s.
Prepared only by THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG Co. Ltd., 35 Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

When a woman ought to look her best

and have her shoes polished with

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

No. 2.—When she keeps a tryst.

CHISWICK POLISH CO., LTD., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

quickly and easily made IN THE

"Universal"

Coffee Percolator

The Aromatic and Invigorating Essence of the Coffee is extracted before the WATER BOILS.

COFFEE thus made is perfect—free from the elements which cause this delicious beverage to disagree with so many people when made in the ordinary way.

Anyone can make perfect Coffee in the "Universal."

OF ALL FIRST-CLASS IRONMONGERS AND DEPARTMENT STORES.

Write for our Illustrated Descriptive Booklet.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK (Room G), 31, Bartholomew Close, LONDON, E.C.

Benger's is the most easily digested of all foods.

It is appetising and delicious, and is enjoyed and assimilated when other foods cause pain and distress.

Benger's Food

for Infants, Invalids, and the Aged, enjoys the universal recommendation of Medical men in all cases of severe or temporary illness, and during convalescence.

Benger's Food is obtainable through out the World of Chemists, &c.
Sole Manufacturers: BENGER'S FOOD, LTD., Otter Works, Manchester.
Branches: NEW YORK, U.S.A.; 57 William St. SYDNEY, N.S.W.; 117 Pitt St.
CANADIAN AGENTS: National Drug and Chemical Co. Ltd., 36 St. Gabriel St., MONTREAL, and branches throughout CANADA.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

MENTONE.—REGINA PALACE & BALMORAL. First-class, Sea front. English patronage. Pension terms.

NICE-CIMIEZ.—HERMITAGE. Best appointed Hotel on the Riviera. Unique situation. Music, Concerts and A. Agel. Prospectus from Foreign Resorts Bureau, 1, Southampton Row, W.C.

NICE. LANGHAM HOTEL. Under same Management.

NICE.—HOTEL IMPERIAL. Fully modern. Park. L. Tennis, Open-air Skating Rink. Headquarters of the Nice Country Club. T. Pepper, Manager.

SAN REMO. ROYAL HOTEL AND RESTAURANT. Prop. Foreign Resorts Bureau, 1, Southampton Row, W.C.

SAN REMO. SAVOY HOTEL. Patronised by best Engl. society. Apts. with private baths. Air. Hot-water heating. Splendid view. P. Marini, Prop.-Manager.

SAN REMO.—WEST END HOTEL. First class. Nearest to the Sports Club. Prospectus from Foreign Resorts Bureau, 1, Southampton Row, W.C.

ST. MORITZ.—HOTEL LA MARGNA. Newly constructed. Sunniest position. Ask for Hotel and Winter-sports prosp.

ZWEISIMMEN. HOTEL TERMINUS. Favourite Eng. Hotel. With Sports. Nice Ice Rink. Tennis. Tgr. Write for Pros.

OIGEE Binoculars

PATENTED in Great Britain and abroad
AWARDED BRUSSELS 1910 Gold Medal

UNEXCELLED QUALITY optical and mechanical

For catalogue 205 apply to—

W. H. THOMPSON,
Sole Agent,
26 & 27, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

OIGEE Optical Works, Schoneberg, Berlin.

Be well Advised

Look to your letter-filing system and see you get the best out of it.

Nothing is more exasperating than a misfiled document.

The Amberg Way

with letters, etc., means rapid filing and easy finding. It is the most simple and scientific method known.

Amberg INDEXING

can be readily adapted to any vertical cabinets, and adds wonderfully to their efficiency.

If you cannot call, write for Catalogue 13.

Amberg File and Index Co.,
27, Little Britain, E.C.
'Phone—City 3493 (Two lines).

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Encouraging the Two-Stroke Motor. The R.A.C. and the proprietors of that excellent journal the *Auto* have done well, I think, in agreeing to set aside the "Yellow Trophy" for competition among the exponents of the two-stroke-cycle engine. The trophy

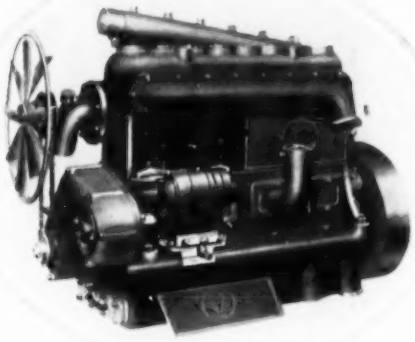
ON THE ROAD NEAR LOWESTOFT: A 16-20-H.P. WOLSELEY SPECIAL SPORTING MODEL.

The Wolseley Tool and Motor Car Company have placed on the market a new 16-20-h.p. special sporting model designed to give road speeds higher than the ordinary touring-car.

(which, I believe, is to be renamed the "*Auto* Trophy") was presented many years ago as a challenge cup to the Club by the proprietors of the *Auto* for the all-round encouragement of the development of the car; but, in consequence of the "no competitions" policy to which the R.A.C. committed itself, it has remained in abeyance for a considerable time now, merely figuring as one of the ornamental accessories of the R.A.C. Clubhouse. I am glad it is once more to become a classic, and particularly because of the purpose to which it is to be devoted.

I have an entirely open mind as to the future of the two-stroke-cycle engine. Admittedly, size for size and weight for weight, the type compares unfavourably with the better-known four-stroke engine; but there is no knowing how far the possibilities extend, given that proper encouragement is forthcoming. So far as I am able to appreciate those possibilities, there is no reason in the world why the two-stroke principle cannot be as successful as its rival; while it certainly has advantages peculiar to itself in the way that a motor constructed on this principle has many less parts than one of the other type. Of course, it is possible to purchase simplicity at too high a price, and that is exactly what present-day two-stroke engines do. On the other hand, however, it has to be recognised that this cycle has not received by a very long way the amount of attention which has been devoted to the perfecting of the four-stroke motor as we know it. However, we shall see later what is going to happen.

Much of the attention that is being focussed on the two-stroke principle just now is undoubtedly due to the success of that fine machine the Scott in the Motor-Cycle Tourist Trophy races of the past two years. I think it will be as well if it is kept in mind that it was not only the two-stroke engines with which these machines were fitted which contributed to their victory. Beyond a doubt, the Scott is about the best-designed motor-bicycle of the time, so far as concerns weight-distribution. This last means that its "road-holding" qualities are surpassingly good,



A MOTOR OF MANY SUCCESSES: THE 25-H.P. VAUXHALL ENGINE ("D" TYPE).

Among the notable points of the Vauxhall engine are the detachable oil-filter, tray-shaped and easily drawn out; the adjustable fan-belt; the improved water-pump; and the extra air-inlet, worked from a small quadrant on the steering-wheel and securing greatly improved fuel-mileage.

and that, in turn, enables it to "corner" far better than the average. That being so, I think it would be a mistake to assume that, because of a couple of successes, all the difficulties in the way of real two-stroke efficiency have been overcome. They have not, unless one or more recent introductions are found to fulfil all the claims made for them, but as to that I am unable to speak at the moment.

The Taxation of Old Cars. We are close up to the end of another year, and still the abuses of the motor taxes remain as they were. Some months ago it was announced that a deputation was to wait upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a view to representing to him the injustice of taxing obsolete cars at the same rate as that applying to the modern and far more efficient vehicle. I have never heard what became of this deputation. As a matter of fact, I have never learnt whether it was received, or whether the Chancellor refused to meet it, or what happened. In a very little while now the new Finance Bill will be before Parliament, and it seems to me that now is the time for the associations to make another move in the direction of securing some sort of an adjustment—always supposing that it is really desirable to press for anything of the sort. Personally, I am not altogether sure that we are on safe ground in this matter; but, as the general consensus of motoring opinion seems to be that redress is required, I have taken the opportunity of reverting once more to the subject.

Headlights in Traffic. I must say that I have been rather astonished lately at the amount of disregard displayed by many motorists for the convenience and safety of their fellow road-users in London. The particular form of offence I have in mind is that of driving in traffic with the head-lights burning. I am quite willing to believe that a great many of the offenders err through simple laziness—it is too much trouble for them to get down and put out their head-lights when they come into the London streets. But it is a form of laziness which really cannot be excused. The driver

(Continued overleaf.)

FITTED WITH AUSTIN-SANKEY DETACHABLE WHEELS AND DUNLOP TYRES: A 50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER AUSTIN LIMOUSINE-LANDAULETTE.

WHY AM I ILL?

"Every Picture tells a Story."

Up and Down Stairs, Worry, Fatigue, Colds, Chills, are Causes of Kidney Weakness, Rheumatism, and Neuralgia.

"Why am I ill?"

How many ask this question, and how often with a feeling of despair! Ill again and again—day after day—headache, rheumatic pains, backache, neuralgia, urinary troubles, constant tiredness, depression, loss of appetite, and apparently no cure.

But it is just such common symptoms as these that should make you suspect that your kidneys are out of order.

If your kidneys are weak or diseased, and therefore unable to carry out their work, the blood becomes loaded with uric acid poison, which, if allowed to accumulate in the system, leads to such complaints as Dropsy, Gravel, Stone, Lumbago, Sciatica, and Rheumatism.

Once the trouble is traced to its cause it can be dealt with properly and probably permanently, but only if you take a kidney medicine.

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills *are a special* kidney medicine—they act directly and efficaciously on the kidneys and the kidneys only, strengthening them, and helping them to drive the uric acid poison out of the body.

Thousands of men and women throughout the world have given grateful testimony of benefits derived from Doan's Backache Kidney Pills.

Here is Proof.

"I used to limp about with rheumatism like a lame woman," says Mrs. E. Hammon, of 37, Crane Road, Twickenham. "I had it for years. It was the result of catching one cold after another, for I could tell that these colds affected my kidneys.

"The pains got into my muscles and joints and made me so stiff and sore that I could scarcely drag myself about. I hardly knew what to do with myself, I was in such miserable pain.

"Time after time I had medical treatment, but the relief the doctor gave me was nothing compared with the benefit I have had from Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. These soon eased the pain and took away the stiffness from my muscles and joints, and now by taking the medicine occasionally I manage to keep free from rheumatism. Doan's Pills have also overcome the other symptoms of kidney disorder.

(Signed) "E. Hammon."

2/9 per box, six boxes, 50 13/9; Foster-McClellan Co., 8 Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W.; also at Buffalo, N.Y., Cape Town, S.A., and Sydney, N.S.W.

Doan's Pills.

DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS

HEALTHY CHILDREN · HAPPY MOTHERS

The 'Allenburys' Foods

The Parent's Testimony.

"I have great pleasure in bearing witness to the wonderful **success** of 'Allenburys' Foods in the rearing of children. A more general knowledge of **this grand** artificial **food for infants** would mean a saving of many lives.

I enclose photograph of my two eldest children at 2½ years and 14 months respectively; they were brought up on **your foods** and **show good results.**

Our present baby, now 3 weeks old, has had No. 1 'Allenburys' from birth and is thriving well."

A Complete Dietary.

Milk Food No. 1	Milk Food No. 2	Malted Food No. 3
From birth to 3 months.	From 3 to 6 months.	From 6 months upwards.

Write for free Pamphlet.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London.

Copyright.

PUBLIC OPINION of

OSRAM DRAWN WIRE LAMPS

is backed by HARRODS.

Here is a wonderful Store of many acres, managed with a sagacity which is proverbial, needing the most brilliant—and yet economical—of lighting to display its beautiful and useful wares of every kind; and it installs

OSRAMS.

And so you will find, for similar reasons, do nearly all of the leading Theatres, Public Institutes, Railway Cos., Shipping Cos., Churches and Chapels, Factories, Warehouses, Offices and Private Houses confine themselves to the exclusive use of Osrams.

ASK FOR PARTICULARS OF REDUCED PRICES.

Obtainable from all leading Electricians, Ironmongers and Stores.

SHOPPING AT HARRODS

CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE

For Searches and Authentic Information respecting

ARMORIAL BEARINGS and FAMILY DESCENTS.

Also for the Artistic Production of

Heraldic Painting, Engraving, & Stationery.

Interesting Genealogical Pamphlet post free.

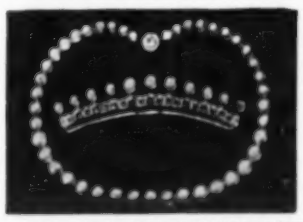
92, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Formerly 25, Cranbourn Street.

Gold Seals, Signet Rings, Desk Seals, Book Plates, Note-paper Dies.

PANAMA PEARL NECKLETS.

THE MOST WONDERFUL REPRODUCTION.



Ladies are unanimous in their praise of the beauty and lustre of these unique reproductions of the real Pearl.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue. Mention this journal.

Address MACMICHAEL

48, South Audley Street, Grosvenor Sq., London, W.

CALOX

The Oxygen Tooth Powder

Use it Night and Morning

SOUND, White Teeth are surely a rich enough return for using Calox twice a day. The Oxygen which Calox liberates puts an end to that decomposition of food particles upon which harmful bacteria thrive. The gums are invigorated, the teeth whitened, and the breath purified in the pleasantest, most gratifying way.

TEST CALOX FREE

A personal test will make you a convert and more surely than all else. Sample and book free.

Calox with orris is now selling locally at 1/1½.

The Calox Tooth Brush enables you to reach and clean every part of the teeth. 1/- sold everywhere.

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD., 75, Farringdon Rd., London.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

"CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY

AGE GUARANTEED BY CANADIAN GOVERNMENT

DISTILLERY EST - 1858. *SOLD THE WORLD OVER*

LONDON OFFICE: 20, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

DR ROBERTS' POOR MAN'S FRIEND OINTMENT

The Oldest Proprietary HEALING OINTMENT for ALL WOUNDS and CHRONIC SKIN DISEASES. An Ideal Toilet Cream.

Of all Chemists, 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6; or post free for stamps from BEACH & BARNICOTT, Ltd., Bridport, Dorset, England.

THE WORLD-FAMED Angelus PLAYER PIANOS

the extraordinary success of which is undoubtedly due to their Artistic Supremacy, Reliability, and Moderate Prices

SIR HERBERT MARSHALL & SONS, LTD

Pub. to Royal Hall, Regent House, Regent Street, London.

BROWN'S Bronchial TROCHES

For Hoarseness

and inflamed throat. Will clear the voice and relieve coughing spells. 1/1½ per Box.

OF ALL STORES AND CHEMISTS.

Oakey's "WELLINGTON" Knife Polish

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery, and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters at 4d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.

Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d. 1/ 2/6 & 4/6.

HIMROD'S

Gives Instant Relief.

No matter what your respiratory organs may be suffering from—whether Asthma, Influenza, Nasal Catarrh, or ordinary Cough—you will find in this famous remedy a restorative power that is simply unequalled.

A FREE SAMPLE and detailed Testimonials free by post. Sold in Tins, 4s. 9d.

Sole Proprietors, HIMROD MANUFACTURING CO., London. Also of the chemists of LONDON: Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Sons, Sutton & Sons, Langton & Sons, Butler & Crosse, W. Edwards & Sons, John Thompson, May, Roberts & Co., Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

CURE FOR ASTHMA

Continued.]

who is guilty of it must be fully aware of the inconvenience he is causing to others, since he himself is a victim of the other man's *laches* and, therefore, ought to know better. So far, my remarks apply mainly to the drivers of cars which are equipped with acetylene lamps, which are admittedly a nuisance when it comes to the lighting or extinguishing of them. In the case of electrically lit cars, however, I can find no excuse for the driver who keeps his head-lights on in traffic—he ought to be prosecuted for driving to the common danger. There is no glare quite so bad to meet as that from a really good pair of electric head-lights, and to have that glare flashed into one's eyes in thick traffic is not at all pleasant, and not a little dangerous. There is not the least occasion for it, either. Head-lights are not the slightest good in lighted streets, and I think it is about time we had the regulations which apply in Paris, where no glaring head-lights are allowed within the fortifications. It is an axiom that you cannot make people moral by Act of Parliament, but there are some who will only act decently and considerately when there is a penalty for not so acting.

Something for Nothing. From the Continental Tyre Company comes a very neat pocket-book, with the compliments of the company, who ask me to say that they will be very pleased to send one to any reader of *The Illustrated London News* who cares to send them a postcard with the necessary request. The book is well worth having, and the Continental address is Thurloe Place, London, S.W.

A Motor Account-Book. For the motorist who desires to keep a closely analytical account of his expenditure, one of the best things I have seen is the Motor Account-Book which is published at 2s. 9d. by Messrs. Foulks Lynch and Co. It has been compiled by the well-known accountants, Messrs. Spicer and Pegler, and is very well done indeed. Personally, I don't keep motor accounts—if I did, I am afraid I should give up motoring—but to those who do I can recommend this book.

W. Whitefall.

State Express Cigarettes, whether Virginian, Turkish, or Egyptian, are now recognised the world over as a standard brand of pure and high-class cigarettes. The Ardath Tobacco Company, Ltd., are also proprietors of Quo Vadis Grade 50 and Ardath H.R.H., both Turkish cigarettes of the highest class. Splendo Grand Format, a delicious Egyptian cigarette, and the Ardath smoking mixtures, by the same firm, are well known and appreciated by devotees of the pipe.

With the new edition for 1914, that indispensable book of reference, "Who's Who" (A. and C. Black) attains its sixty-sixth year. In size and shape it remains exactly the same as the previous issue. It would be impossible to exaggerate the usefulness of this dictionary of contemporary biography, whether for business or social purposes. Its little companion volume, the "Who's Who Year-Book"—well worth the extra shilling—contains the tables on which the larger book is based.

Nothing could be more attractive, in their kind, than the diaries produced by Messrs. John Walker and Co., of Farringdon House, Warwick Lane. They achieve the ideal both of daintiness and utility. The smaller sizes for pocket use are a pleasure to handle, so neat and tasteful are their bindings and general appearance, while the larger ones for desk or office have all the necessary qualities of durability and space, with just the required amount of information. The prices of Walker's diaries, which are made in great variety, range from 6d. up to 15s. With each is enclosed an accident insurance coupon for £1000.

CHESS.

To Correspondents—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

Charles Willing (Philadelphia, U.S.A.).—The annual subscription to the *British Chess Magazine* is 8s., and can be forwarded to the Editor, 15, Elmwood Lane, Leeds, England. As regards *La Stratégie*, address H. Delaire, 85, Faubourg Saint Denis, Paris.

E. F. Lovell (Bristol).—Your problem shows some grasp of constructive skill, but it is too easy for our use.

J. Isaacson (Liverpool).—The delay cannot be prevented; it arises owing to publication exigencies; but we always recognise you as a regular and correct solver.

J. M. Russell (Corstorphine).—In No. 3629 after your proposed 1. R to Q B 8th is there not such a move for Black as 1. B to Q B 2nd?

W. M. Campbell and Others.—In regard to No. 3629, 1. Q to Kt 2nd is answered by 1. Q to Q 4th, ch.

A. M. Sparke.—Thanks for amended version, which we hope to find sound.

R. J. Bland (Bombay).—We are sorry we do not know a suitable tourney to enter for at present. We should advise you to see the *British Chess Magazine* or the *Chess Amateur*, which have full details of everything going.

M. L. Pence (Lexington, U.S.A.).—Thanks for your batch of problems, of which we hope to avail ourselves.

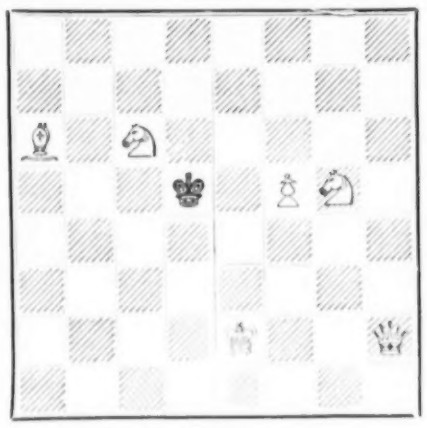
Philip H. Williams.—A very pleasant Christmas card.

Solution of Problem No. 3629.—By W. Finlayson.

WHITE	BLACK
1. B to R 8th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 3632.—By G. Bakker.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Correct Solution of Problem No. 3624 received from C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 3626 from E. C. Wurtele (Montreal) and Charles Willing (Philadelphia, U.S.A.); of No. 3627 from H. Grasett Baldwin (Toronto), G. F. Adams (Concord, Mass.), F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), A. May Portesus (Saffron Walden), and J. B. Camara (Madeira); of No. 3628 from F. R. Pickering, J. Verrall (Rodmell), and J. Isaacson (Liverpool); of No. 3629 from Blair H. Cochrane (Harting), H. L. H. (Salisbury), G. W. Williams (Leatherhead), W. Dittloff Jessens, and Baron van Pallandt (Wassenaar).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3630 received from R. Worters (Canterbury), J. Fowler, J. Smart, W. H. Taylor (Westcliff-on-Sea), J. Gamble (Lorne), J. Willcock (Shrewsbury), W. Dittloff Jessens, G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), F. R. Baxter (Croydon), and J. Long (Brighton).

CHESS IN HOLLAND.

Game played in the Scheveningen Tournament, between Messrs. Lasker and Mieses.

(*Centre Counter Gambit.*)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	12. Kt takes B	P takes Kt
2. P takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	13. B to Q 3rd	Q takes P
3. P to Q 4th	Q takes P	14. B takes P (ch)	K to Q 2nd
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to Q R 4th	15. B to K 3rd	Q to Kt 5th
5. Kt to B 3rd	B to B 4th	16. P to Q R 3rd	Q to Q B 5th
6. Kt to K 5th	Kt to K 5th	17. Q takes Kt P	Q to B 3rd
7. Q to B 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	18. B to K 4th	Resigns.
8. B to Q 2nd	P to K 3rd		
9. P to K Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd		
10. P to K R 4th	Q to Kt 3rd		
11. Castles	P to K B 3rd		

Black virtually loses the game in his first half-dozen moves. The way in which White deals with the defence is well worth studying.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at Los Angeles, California, between Messrs. Marshall and Mlotkowski.

(*Danish Gambit.*)

WHITE (Mr. Marshall)	BLACK (Mr. Mlotkowski)	WHITE (Mr. Marshall)	BLACK (Mr. Mlotkowski)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. Q Kt to B 4th	Kt takes P
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	16. Kt takes B	Kt to Q 7th (ch)
3. P to Q B 3rd	P takes P	17. Kt takes Kt	R takes Kt
4. B to Q B 4th	P to Q 4th	18. Kt to R 6 (ch)	K to R sq
5. B takes P	P takes P	19. B takes P (ch)	K takes B
6. Q B takes P	B to Kt 5th (ch)	20. Kt to B 5 (ch)	Resigns.
7. K to B sq	Kt to K B 3rd		
8. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd		
9. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
10. P to Q R 3rd	B to Q B 4th		
11. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles		
12. Q R to B sq	B to K Kt 5th		
13. B takes Q Kt	P takes B		
14. Kt to K 5th	Q R to Q sq		

A clever game on both sides. Black perhaps should have Castled earlier, but he sets a pretty trap with his fourteenth move. If then, 15. Kt takes P, Q to Q 3rd; 16. Kt takes R, Q takes Kt, and wins. His fifteenth move was unsound, as White brilliantly proves.

THE RUSSIAN NOVEL.

Our first thought, on laying down the Vicomte E.-M. de Vogüé's volume on the Russian novel, is regret that nobody has compressed an equally complete survey of the English novel into a form at once so comprehensive and so succinct. "The Russian Novel" (Chapman and Hall) has passed through twelve French editions, and won for its author a seat in the Academy. The English translation, admirably rendered by Colonel Sawyer, makes a curiously belated appearance; having arrived, it will be indispensable on any bookshelf dedicated to the best of European literature. Henceforward the British student of the Russian novel—so often depressing, so often baffling to us—will have the Vicomte's elucidation behind him. Russian literature rises from the Russian character, that is, in its turn, deeply marked by the Eastern extraction of the race, by the immensity of its country, and by the suppression of liberty. Politics in Russia were driven underground into fiction. The national troubles could be criticised under cover of a romance, when a pamphlet or a speech would have meant the censor, if nothing worse. How thought-compelling has been the appeal of the Russian novelists is a matter of history; how great the genius of Gogol and Turgeneff, of Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy, the Vicomte shows us here. We may not gree entirely with the introduction, written in 1886, which shows some traces of the self-depreciation of a France still, at that time, seared by the memories of 1870, and we can regret that the Vicomte laid down his pen before "Resurrection" was given to the world; but these are minor things. The light of the French intellect, thrown on a subject where greater knowledge leads to greater admiration, is happily exhibited in this brilliant study.

Travellers

Should never forget to take PURGEN with them. Long journeys by train, motor car or steamer frequently induce CONSTIPATION—often the real cause of "Traveller's Headache" and that condition of general physical weariness of which so many travellers complain. PURGEN quickly puts the system right, and keeps it so. Those who usually avoid other purgatives when travelling, owing to their inconvenient action, can take PURGEN with perfect safety and comfort.

Of leading Chemists and Stores,

Price 1/1½d. per Box,

or Sample and Booklet Free from

H. & T. KIRBY & Co., Ltd., 14, Newman St., Oxford St., W.

PURGEN The IDEAL APERIENT

HOVENDEN'S "EASY" HAIR CURLER

WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.

ARE EFFECTIVE. AND REQUIRE NO SKILL TO USE.

For Very Bold Curls

"IMPERIAL" CURLERS.

12 CURLERS IN BOX.

OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS, &c.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

LONDON & SONS

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

The BEST REMEDY known for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, and kindred ailments.

Always ask for and see you get Collis Browne's Chlorodyne. The ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE.

London: Published Weekly at the Office, 172, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., 172, Strand, aforesaid; and Printed by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, W.C.—Saturday, Dec. 27, 1913. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N. Y.) Post Office, 1903.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

A Merry Christmas to You, and a Happy New Year!

FROM THE PAINTING BY BRUNELLESCHI.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY.

Usher's Whisky

A CENTURY'S REPUTATION.

The Whisky that will agree with you.

The Indispensable "Usher."

The following brands are specially recommended:

"EXTRA" "GREEN STRIPE" (black bottle.)	"SPECIAL RESERVE O.V.G." (clear bottle, white label.)	"O.V.G." (clear bottle, yellow label.)

ANDREW USHER & Co.
Distillers, EDINBURGH.

London and Export Agents:
FRANK BAILEY & CO.
59, MARK LANE, E.C.

THE PROMISE of BEAUTY

BY
LAURENCE HOUSMAN
with illustrations by
WILLY POGÁNY

There was once a Princess who had been afflicted by a most terrible fairy-godmother. For on the day after her birth, when all the invited godparents came bringing presents, this fairy had come with the rest; and while round the royal cradle the most beautiful gifts imaginable were being offered, the fairy looked on and smilingly, confidently, remarked: "My gift will be far, far better than all these."

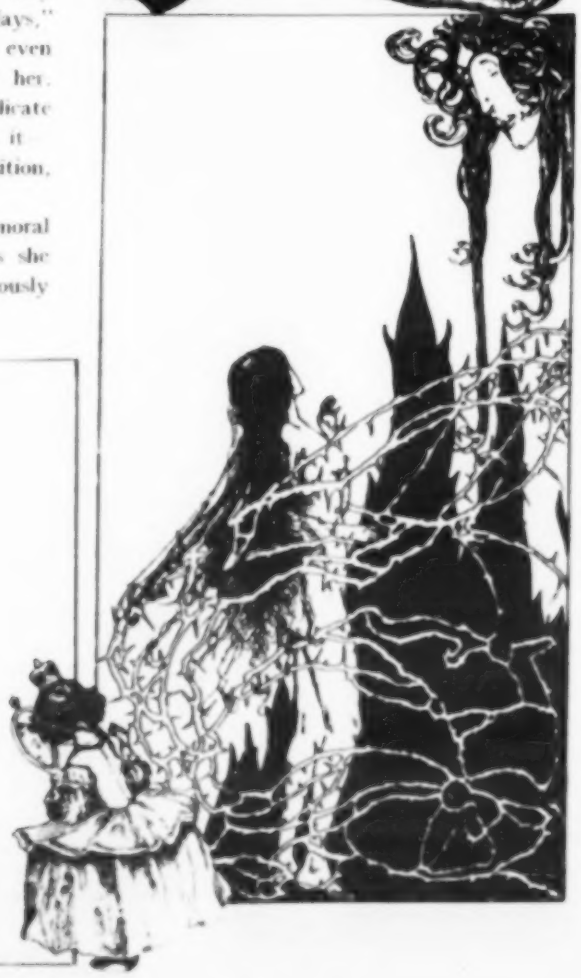
Everybody believed her; and so, when it came to her turn, all were full of joy and expectation and excitement. The fairy approached the cradle, and, bending tenderly over the unconscious infant, she said: "My child, you will have many difficulties in life from which no fairy-godmothers can protect you, but I am bringing you a gift which will guide you safely through all: you shall be as beautiful as you are good."

All the courtiers were charmed, for the Princess was sure, they said, to take after her parents so far as all moral qualities were concerned; and if so, what a vision of loveliness she would be! The King and Queen did not look as confident and pleased as the rest; but as they could not say in public what they thought of each other, they put a good countenance on the matter, and, thanking the fairy for her gift, hoped that they and their daughter would have reason in future years to remain duly grateful; and in order that she might have all possible encouragement to start well, they christened her Amenabel.

But the Princess, poor thing, had hardly started upon her teething when she became incorrigibly plain; the more she fought and kicked and cried, the uglier she grew, and when the teething was over matters were not much better. For awhile courtiers endeavoured to make light of the matter, only remarking when they saw her that "this was not one of her pretty days," thus, and with other polite circumlocutions, tiding over the obvious; but even they at last were constrained to admit that her appearance was against her.

So then it was agreed that the poor little Princess was in such delicate health that it was no wonder she looked ill—"ill" was the word for it—and all the time the poor ugly little morsel was in the very pink of condition, and so strong that it took two nurses to hold her.

The King and the Queen, meanwhile, began to see in her suspicious moral resemblances to themselves, or rather to each other; and presently, as she started to grow and develop character, she really did become very curiously



like both her parents. Traits cropped up which were unmistakable; and the Queen, seeing her own small foibles so curiously reproduced, would say, with all a mother's tenderness: "Now and then I do see a sort of prettiness"; while the King, recognising his own rather dictatorial temper, would indulgently remark that "she was not going to be so bad-looking, after all."

She was not: she was only just ordinary, rather on the plain side of things—that, at least, was how it started. But frequently the anxious cockerings of the Court began to have a detrimental effect, for whenever she got into a temper her loss of looks was so disastrous that everything possible was done to avoid it; and so in a while she became a very pampered and spoiled little person, and, assisted by an obsequious Court, went on growing uglier and uglier.

Things at last got so bad that the little Princess herself noticed it. She was then about five years old, the most indescribably naughty child that ever lived, for she had all the naughtiness of the ordinary bad children, but none of their charm. One day she said to her governess, who was vainly trying to make her learn something: "I don't want to know anything about that; what I want to know is why am I so much uglier than other people?"

"Oh, Princess!" said the governess, embarrassed by so honest an inquiry, "that is not true. There are many people with far less pretension to good looks than your Highness."

"Well, anyway," persisted the Princess, "why am I so much uglier than you?"

This was a fact which the governess was not prepared to deny, so, seeking to set the Princess's feet in the way they should go, she said: "People in this world can only be beautiful if they are good."

"Liar!" cried the Princess, and, hurling her book at the governess's head, she ran out of the room in a rage. For she was, on the whole, a truthful child and hated to be told falsehoods. Then she went upstairs and looked in her glass, and as she saw her face all bright and flushed with anger, she began to think with her father that she was "not so bad-looking, after all."

But the governess had reported the matter to the Queen, and the Queen, being, generally, a sensible woman, determined that since her daughter had now asked the question she should be told the truth. So, for the first time in her life, Princess Amenabel heard all about her fairy-godmother and of the beauty promised to her if only she would be good.

She took it better than her mother had expected. "I think it very horrid of you not to have told me before," she said. "But, of course, I beg your pardon for saying so. There! I hope that has done something!" And off she went to look in the glass and see whether it had.

But it had not.

From that day, however, a great change came over her character, for she had now something definite to aim at, having learnt for the first time that in her single and exceptional case good looks were really attainable, and that the only way to obtain them was by being good.

She now began doing everything that she was told; she was so well-behaved, dear reader, that had you met her you would have wished to smack her. When she offended people she immediately begged their pardons, and when they offended her she kept her temper with the most exasperating air of superiority, and became, in fact, the most appalling little prig you ever saw.

And everyone went into raptures over her, for now at last she was becoming "a perfect little Princess"; and to encourage her they all declared that she was growing more and more beautiful every day.

But when she consulted her glass she found no change as far as looks went. "Getting to be good is a very slow game, it seems to me," she said, "and a very dull one. I wonder is it worth it?"

Sometimes her doubts upon that point went so far that now and then she would break out and become her old self again. Then the palace would ring with her screams; and while she was breaking everything within reach, her attendants would fly off with scratched faces to report that the Princess was losing her looks again; and her mother, or her governess, running to the rescue, would cry: "Oh, Amenabel!" or, "Oh, Princess! what faces you are making, what faces!"

This sort of remonstrance made her more angry than ever. "I can't make more than one face at a time," she would cry, "and I don't care how ugly I am; being good is much worse than being ugly!" And yet, when she looked in the glass again, she could not see that it had made much difference; indeed, in a rage she rather admired herself, whereas when she saw herself trying to look good she only stuck out her tongue.

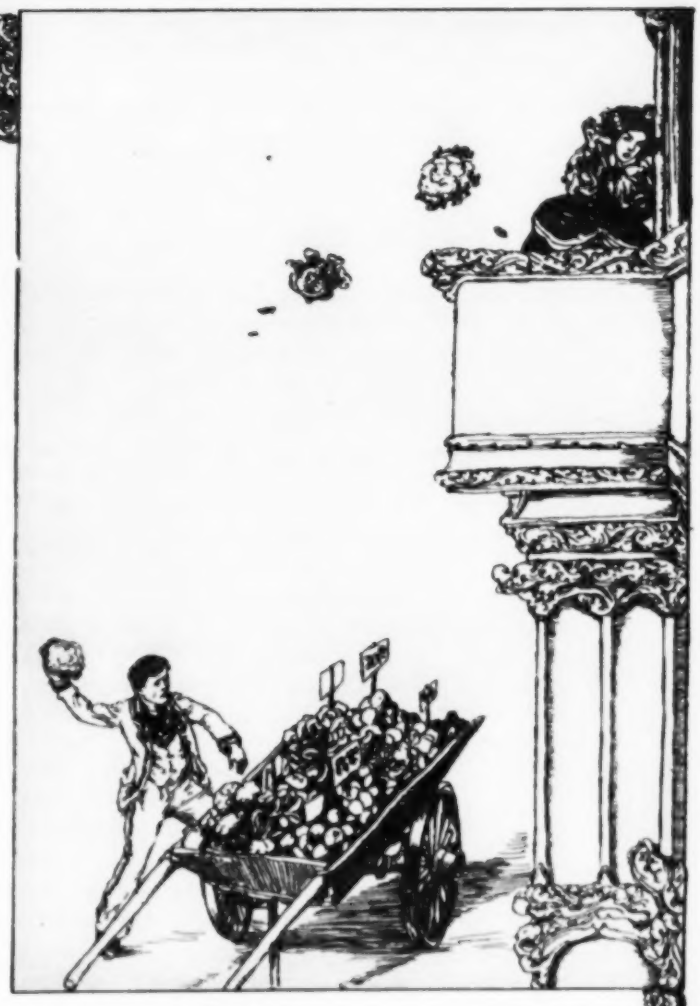
But the Court went on trying to encourage her, and every day when she behaved herself she was told how much prettier she had become, until at last there were times when she almost believed it; and so gradually she developed a correctness and an artificiality of deportment which gave her the appearance of every virtue, and robbed her of every charm.

And so, at last, the habit of being good by rule got hold of her; but it did not make her happy any more than it made her beautiful, and though she examined her conscience night and morning by the aid of her looking-glass, and dropped many tears upon it, she could not find out what was wrong.

Then one day something very curious and important happened, and after that—well, after that she became a different sort of person altogether, for she became herself. She was looking out of the palace window down into the street below, from a side window into a side street. It was the place she was fondest of, for there, close under her eyes, were people going to and fro at their buyings and their sellings, laughing, quarrelling, gossiping, driving their carts, wheeling their hand-barrows—doing all the free-and-easy things that she was never allowed to do. And here she used to sit and look out upon life, and try to read what it all meant.

That day, looking out of her window, Princess Amenabel saw, just below, a small grey donkey dragging a heavily loaded cart, and a man beating it. But the cart was stuck in a rut, and the donkey could not get on; and there was the man up on top laying a stick with all his might across the donkey's back.

Up jumped the Princess: she took off one of her shoes and threw it at the man, and when it missed she threw the other. That one hit: he looked up to see where it had come from, and, failing to see, he cursed the whole world and went on beating.



Then the Princess picked up a large china bowl and threw it at him, and the beating stopped. She put her head out of the window and cried, "Man, if you do that any more, I'll have your head cut off!"

And just then in came her governess.

Never in her life had the Princess been so scolded as she was then. She was ordered up to her room in disgrace; and when she got up to go and showed that she had no shoes on, and confessed what she had done with them, then her governess had only one thing to say: "Princess," she cried, "you are not a lady!"

These were terrible words—yet, in a way, she felt that they were true; and the more she realised that they were true the less she cared: they accounted for things, and so they gave her relief. "Yes, and I'd throw them at him again," she cried, "if only I had the chance!" And when she got up to her room, there and then she sat down by her boot-rack and began practising. Twenty-four pairs of boots, shoes, and slippers she shied across the room; and every time, in her own mind, it was the man she was shying at, and when she missed she was sorry, and when she hit she was glad.

Then suddenly she remembered her looks, and in a great fright she jumped up and ran to the glass. There she got the greatest shock she had ever had in her life: she was so changed that she did not know herself—she had become beautiful!

She looked and looked, and could hardly believe her eyes. Was this the secret then? Was throwing shoes out of windows at men beating their donkeys the way to become beautiful! What a discovery—and how easy, after all!

Immediately she forgot all about being in disgrace; off she rushed to show herself. "I'm beautiful!" she said to herself as she ran, "beautiful, beautiful, beautiful! Oh, if I had only known!"

Coming to her mother's door, she found it locked; and, being very impatient, she started to hammer hard.

"Who is there?" cried the Queen, in tones of surprise.

"Her Royal Highness the Princess Amenabel," answered the Beauty, very proud of herself.

"Then her Royal Highness the Princess Amenabel must wait," replied the Queen.

This made the Princess very indignant, and she began to kick and batter quite in the old way, but all to no effect. At last, tired of the exertion, she bethought herself, for she knew that her mother's obstinacy was equal to her own. "While she keeps me waiting," thought she, "I will go and make myself more beautiful." So, going back to her room, she filled her arms with as many boots and shoes as she could carry and returned to her street window. The street was full of people, for it was now market-time, and the booths and barrows were out. This gave the Princess her opportunity.

Whenever she saw people quarrelling, or heard bad language, or saw anyone less than sober, there she threw a slipper, a shoe, or a boot, according to the enormity of the offence. Sometimes they did not hit, sometimes they did, and when that happened the language and tempers of the marketers became mixed.

Now at one of the barrows was a young coster selling cauliflowers; he wore a beautiful costume all covered with pearl buttons, and he was so handsome and fine-looking that she was quite sure he must be a Prince in disguise. His appearance so interested her that when she threw her next shoe, instead of hitting the person she intended it for, it hit him.

Instantly he caught and threw it back again; and the Princess, after successfully dodging it, put out her head and made a face at him.

In another minute every cauliflower upon his barrow had entered the palace, either whole or in fragments.

The Princess was rather awestruck at this wholesale delivery, and when the last had arrived she came out from behind the curtains, shut the window, and looked at him through the glass with great respect.

"We think ourselves pretty, don't we?" called up the young coster in derisive tones.

Even in his irony she found flattery, and so, deeming that her experiment had been successful, and leaving a floor strewn with cauliflowers enough to last the palace for a week, she returned to her mother's door.

And this time, feeling good, she knocked quite softly and waited patiently before knocking again.

"Well," inquired the Queen, "who is it?"

"Your loving little daughter," said the Princess, in a small, wheedling voice. "I've something I want to show you."

The Queen opened, and the Princess looked eloquently up into her mother's face and said nothing.

"Well," inquired the Queen, "what is it you want to show?"

That word was enough: it told the Princess that the miracle was no longer there—beauty had gone from her again. She hung her head and walked away, very sorrowful and ashamed, saying nothing. To make quite sure, she returned and looked in her glass; but there, too, all her fears were confirmed—she was no longer beautiful, only "just ordinary."

Just then, down at the back-kitchen door, she heard loud voices and angry words being exchanged. Conscience struck her, and in great haste she slid down the back-stair bannisters and hid herself in the boot-hole to listen.

Yes; it was as she expected—the coster boy had come to reclaim his cauliflowers, and the cook, denying having received them, was ordering him away. Not a step would he budge, so she called down to the basement for the jailer to come up and take him into custody.

Out of the boot-hole marched the Princess. "The cauliflowers were for me," she said; "I ordered them." Then she turned to the coster and said, "Please to bring cauliflowers to the palace every day, and if you are not paid for them at the door I will throw down the money to you from the window."

Nobody was more surprised than the young coster. All his pearl buttons twinkled with delight; and the flashing radiance of his attire made a great impression upon the Princess. She awoke to sentiment, being then in the tenth year of her age.

Of course, what the Princess had done was immediately reported to her royal parents; but when

they came to ask her for an explanation, lo and behold! they were so struck by her improved appearance that they could only gape at her and say: "Heavens! child, what have you been doing with yourself?"

"I have been throwing shoes out of window," said the Princess; "I have been ordering cauliflowers; and I have been falling in love."

"Whom with?" inquired her mother, in terrified astonishment.

"That is my affair," answered the Princess firmly; "but I'll tell you everything you wish to know about the shoes and the cauliflowers." And she did.

Never was there such a panic in a palace as when that tale was unfolded.

"My dear!" cried the Queen, "it simply comes to this: you are not a lady!"

"No," answered the Princess; "I don't think I am; I am just myself."

"Then you mustn't be!" said the King. But as soon as she had been sent off to bed in disgrace, he remarked to the Queen: "I must say 'being herself' seems to suit her. She is becoming almost pretty; and after behaving like this, too! I can't understand it."

Nobody in the palace could; and, from that day on, their puzzlement went on increasing.

The next day the Princess was at her window again. Presently up came Buttons, the coster. But he was something more than an ordinary coster now: he had a barrow all scarlet and gold, and over it a board with the words, "By Appointment, Buttons, cauliflorist to her Royal Highness the Princess Amenabel." His barrow was piled high with cauliflowers, and he did a roaring trade; and when he left his cauliflowers at the palace door and the Princess threw down the money from the window, he ran and caught it in his mouth with an agility that astonished her, and made her more sure than ever that he must be a Prince in disguise.

But though, as she looked out from her palace window, she grew daily in grace, wisdom, and understanding, things were very different inside. There consternation reigned, for now it was quite evident that her fairy-godmother's gift had a kink in it, or had taken a wrong turn in her composition, and was working itself out backwards: for the more wilfully she insisted on being "just herself" the more beautiful she became.

By the time she had reached her sixteenth year, her lack of etiquette had become a Court scandal of the gravest kind; and the King said to his wife, "Unless we get her married at once, we shan't be able to marry her to anybody."

Accordingly they chose out from a neighbouring Court a most elegant and accomplished young Prince, named Gazellius, tall and slim, and with the finest and most pleading dark eyes you ever saw, who, coming with a great retinue to present his suit, had no sooner set eyes on the Princess, than he fell desperately in love with her.

On the day when he arrived, the Princess appeared curiously but beautifully attired in a coronal, necklet, and girdle made entirely of pearl buttons, and no sooner had she set eyes on the languishing youth and heard his name than she nicknamed him "the dear Gazelle." Fawn-like he looked at her, and with all the eloquence of which he was capable laid his heart at her feet. She, for her part, would rather have had cauliflowers thrown at her head by one person than hearts laid at her feet by another; but she behaved to him with kind and considerate politeness, only taking pains to get out of his company as soon as possible.

For meanwhile in another direction her heart had become greatly enlarged, and a cartload of vegetables driven to market by a dark, merry-faced youth in a complete set of pearl buttons, the most fascinating of sights to watch for. In spite of all attempts to cut off the supply, these vegetables were delivered at the palace daily, for the Princess refused to eat any others, and continued to pay for them whether they were admitted or no. In consequence of her patronage, the young coster had thriven exceedingly, and having just then obtained a house and a plot of land, he ceased to be a coster and became a market gardener.

When he did this the pearl-button suit disappeared and a white smock-frock took its place; and it was then, or not many days after, that the Princess appeared at her father's Court so curiously and beautifully attired in pearl buttons on her own account.

She wore them with a smiling countenance, but in reality her heart was very sad; for though in small daily matters she had learned now to go her own way, and be "just herself," it did not enter her head that in anything so big and important as marriage she could be free to choose; and though every time that she set eyes on Prince Gazellius she said to herself, "I won't marry him; no, I won't, I won't!" she knew that, being a Princess, she was not a free agent, and that her father and her mother would presently make her.

And so the day came when her answer, which she had again and again put off, was to be given in all due form and ceremony. All her beggings and protestations had proved vain. "Marry him?" she had cried when the proposal was first made, "marry the dear Gazelle? Why, I should frighten him out of his wits in a fortnight. If you find me hard to put up with, think what it will be for him!"

But all this was nothing to the point: if she refused to marry Prince Gazellius, into the deepest dungeon of her father's palace she would have to go.

Then in her desperation she thought of a way out. "What," she said to herself, "if I first promised to marry him, and then did something so dreadfully shocking that he would simply refuse to have me? In that way I might get free."

So, with this in her mind, she came to her father and said: "Supposing, after all, the Prince should refuse to marry me, shall I be free, then, to go my own way?"

The King thought the question a very foolish one. "Don't be silly," he said, "you know the Prince is simply dying to marry you."

"Yes," replied the Princess, "and suppose he does die, what then?" And she continued to press the question.

So at last, just to quiet her and get on to business, the King said that if Prince Gazellius, remaining alive and in his senses, refused to marry her, then she should be free to marry anyone, or stand on her head for the rest of her life, so far as he was concerned.

And so it was agreed between them; and the Princess, full of her wicked intent, came to the place of meeting, where, before the King and Queen and all the Court, the Prince made his formal offer of marriage.

Then the Princess Amenabel, sly and very pleased with herself, said: "Prince, here is my answer: I do not love you, nor do I wish to be your wife, but I am the dutiful daughter of my parents, and when they bid, I must obey. So if you wish me to marry you, I will do so; but if you do not, then you shall set me free."

As she said these words, she became so hideous to look upon that Prince Gazellius uttered a cry of horror and alarm, and, turning tail, fled away back to his own country, followed by all his retinue.

When the Princess realised the sudden and extraordinary effect of her words she was rather scared; as for the King, he was simply furious.

"Out!" he cried, "out of my sight you go! No daughter so wicked as you are can remain in a palace without contaminating it."

Then said the Princess: "If I go, then also am I free."

"What are you going to do?" inquired the Queen, in tender alarm.

"I am going to marry Buttons," said the Princess; "that is, if he will have me now that I have become so wicked again." As she said this all her beauty returned to her, and everyone was ravished by her loveliness.

"Oh, dear!" cried the Queen, "what a pity Prince Gazellius did not wait a little!"

But it was too late now.

So that is how the Princess Amenabel lost her dear Gazelle and went and married a market-gardener.

(THE END.)

In the Land of the Most Mighty Emperor of Lilliput.

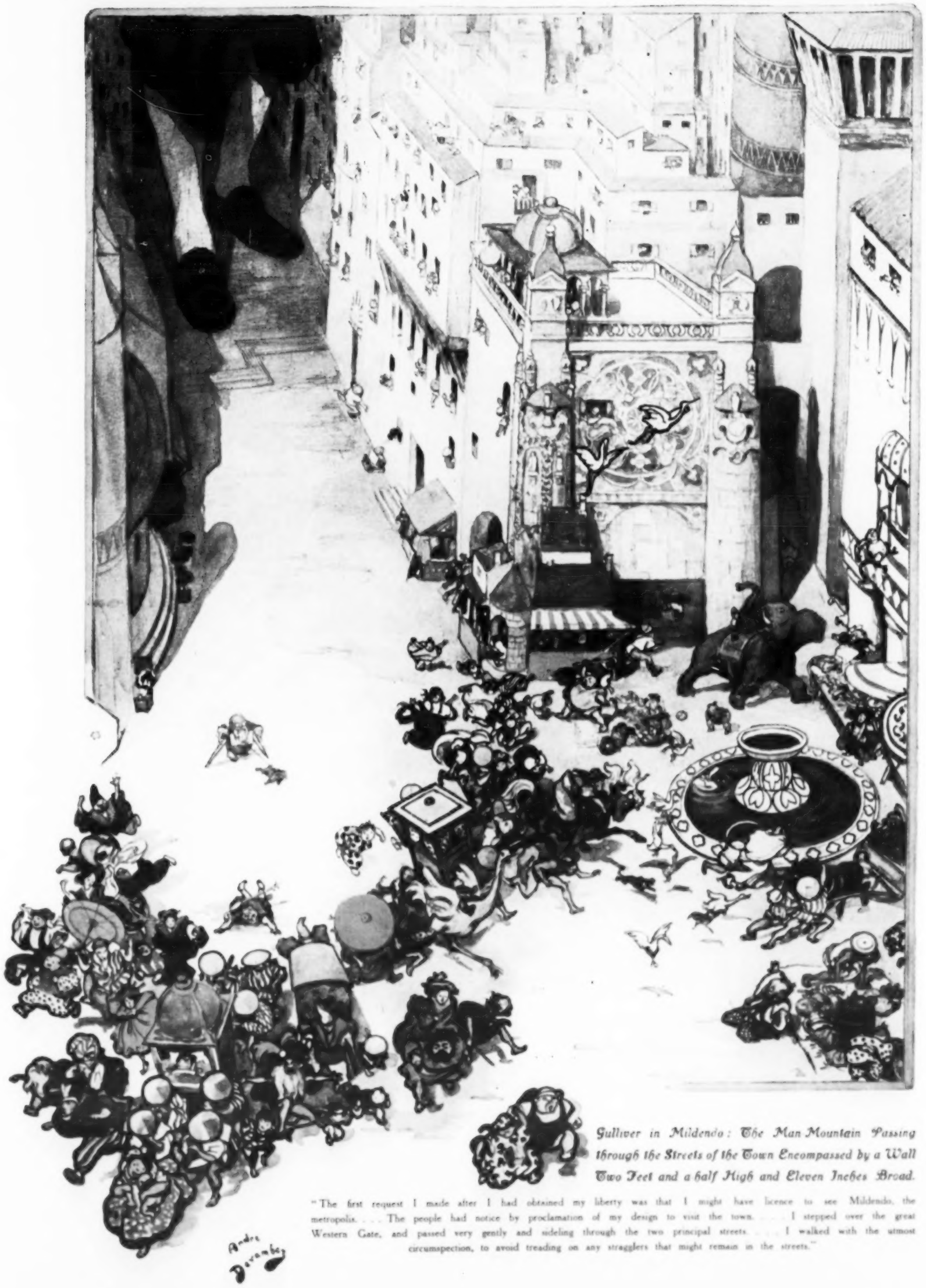
DRAWN BY ANDRÉ DEVAMBEZ.

Gulliver as a Colossus: The Troops of Goldasto Momarem Evlame Gurdilo Shefin Nuily Ully Gue Marching Under the Legs of the Man Mountain.

"The Emperor, having ordered that part of his army which quarters in and about his metropolis to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired I would stand like a Colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his General . . . to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four in a breast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes."

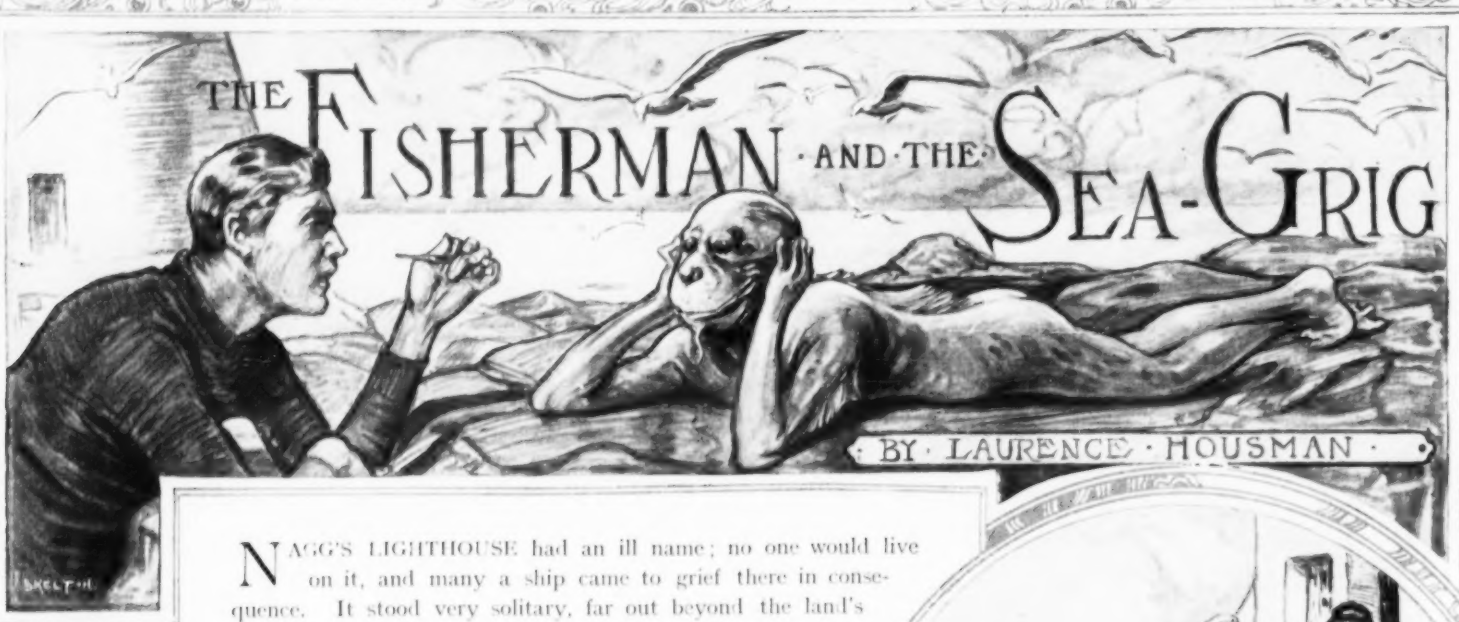
In the Land of the Most Mighty Emperor of Lilliput.

DRAWN BY ANDRE DEVAMBEZ.



Gulliver in Mildendo: The Man Mountain Passing through the Streets of the Town Encompassed by a Wall Two Feet and a half High and Eleven Inches Broad.

"The first request I made after I had obtained my liberty was that I might have licence to see Mildendo, the metropolis. . . . The people had notice by proclamation of my design to visit the town. . . . I stepped over the great Western Gate, and passed very gently and sideling through the two principal streets. . . . I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers that might remain in the streets."



THE FISHERMAN AND THE SEA-GRIG

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

NAGG'S LIGHTHOUSE had an ill name; no one would live on it, and many a ship came to grief there in consequence. It stood very solitary, far out beyond the land's end on a great slab of rock which at high tide was quite covered by the waves. From the rock a small jetty ran down into the sea, and just at its edge was an iron crane and a windlass by which fuel and provisions could be hauled up to the lonely occupant—in those days, that is to say, when anyone had lived there. But none would do that willingly now.

Nobody who had done so had ever come back to tell the tale. Sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs, for the sake of the high wages offered by the ship-owners, men had ventured on the experiment; but evil had always come of it. Some had gone mad and killed each other, some had drunk themselves to death, others had taken boat and disappeared, or been drowned. Always in the end, before many weeks had passed, the light went out; and when outsiders came to search, they found either a dead body, or a poor soul gone out of his mind, or the lighthouse deserted and solitary.

And so the sea continued to take its toll, and the ship-owners were at their wits' end how to keep the light burning and save their ships from wreck. And at last, as they could hit on no other way, they took ex-prisoners, promising them much if they would stay on the rock and keep the light burning for only one year.

But that also failed; not a single man of them was able to stay out his time, and so at last even the good-for-nothings refused to go.

Then one day came young Fynn the fisherman, and said, "I will go."

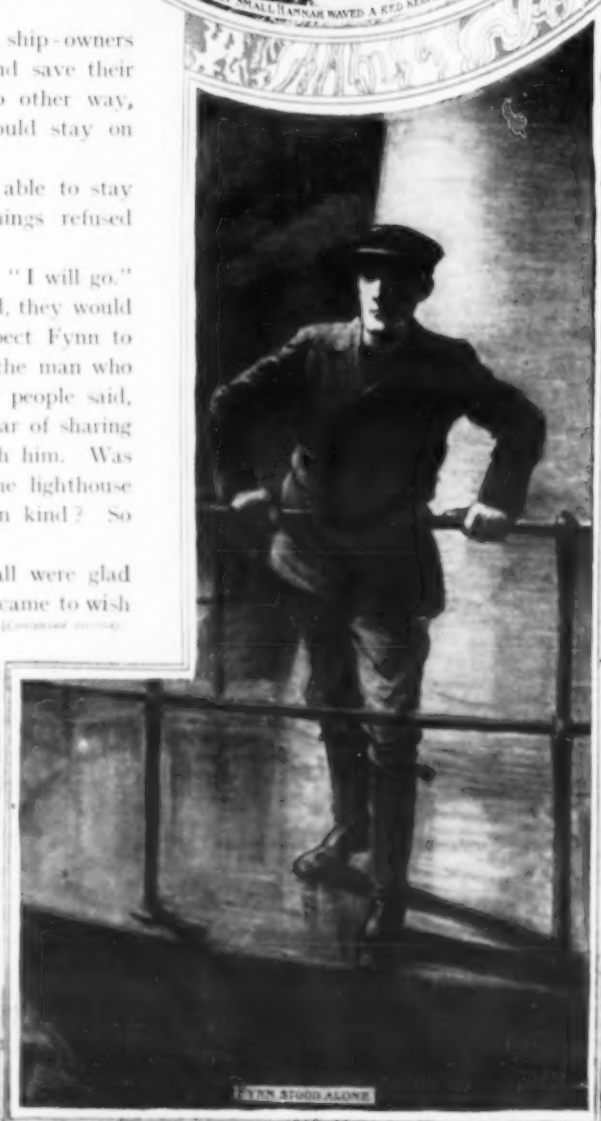
The shipowners accepted the offer readily enough—indeed, they would have taken anyone; but they did not for a moment expect Fynn to succeed where so many others had failed. For Fynn was the man who had no luck—his ill-fortune was notorious. It all came, so people said, of a spite which the sea-fairies had against him; and, for fear of sharing it, no one would speak to him or work or share house with him. Was it any wonder, then, that Fynn thought the solitude of the lighthouse no worse than that which was forced upon him by his own kind? So he offered himself, and was accepted.

No time was lost in getting rid of him; and though all were glad of the use he was to be turned to, not a man or a woman came to wish

(Continued overleaf.)

ONLY SMALL HANNAH WAVED A RED KERCHIEF

THE TANK AND THE SEA-GRIG



FYNN STOOD ALONE

THE ART OF MAXFIELD PARRISH: A GLORY OF AN OPALESCENT DREAM—"EVERY PLUNGE OF OUR BOWS BROUGHT US NEARER TO THE HAPPY ISLAND."

"I turned the page. . . . There was the harbour all thick with curly ships . . . a few minutes more and we should all be aboard. . . . From the deck I should see the little walled town recede and sink and grow dim, while every plunge of our bows brought us nearer to the happy island. . . . And then—Ow! Ow! Ow! Bitter it is to stumble out of an opalescent dream into the cold daylight; cruel to lose in a second a sea-voyage, an island, and a castle that was to be practically your own; but cruellest and bitterest of all to know, in addition to your loss, that the fingers of an angry aunt have you tight by the scruff of your neck."

Reproduced by Courtesy of Mr. John Lane; an Illustration to Mr. Kenneth Grahame's "Dream Days."

him good-bye—only small Hannah, the harbour-master's daughter, with her bunched-up face and her gay smile, looked shyly out at him from the door of her home and waved a red kerchief when her mother was not looking. Hannah was the only child who had ever willingly spoken to him; and she only did it out of mischief and because a thing which is forbidden is sometimes sweet.

That quaint little face watching him and the waving of the red kerchief were the only kind memories he carried away with him to his place of exile. Many and many a long day they were to last, though he thought little of them now.

He went aboard the boat which was to take him in the early morning, and late in the afternoon they landed him upon the rock, with a good store of food and fuel, enough to last through the storm season from autumn to spring. They filled the oil-vats and the water-tanks; they supplied him with fishing-tackle and a small canvas boat for days which might happen to be calm; and then they left him to himself.

Fynn stood alone upon his platform of rock and looked at the sea and the sky: not a soul remained in sight, yet he did not feel more solitary than he had felt on land. Very still he stood, and presently sea-mews came and settled about his feet, taking no heed of him at all: on this solitary rock they were not afraid of man, and their voices as they moved round him had a curious companionable sound.

Then, when it began to grow dark, he went up into the tower, and filled the great lantern and trimmed its wicks and furbished up its reflectors, making them shine, and having kindled the light, went down again, his work-day ended. After that, he arranged his living-rooms, made his bed, cooked his supper and ate it, and then went back to the open platform below.

It was deep night, soft moonlight was abroad; while he had been at work the tide had come up and turned, and was now going down again. Underfoot the rock was wet and slippery, for lengths of sea-weed had washed over it, and many tiny rills of water were running across its surface with a quiet, whispering sound that never ceased.

Toward the centre of the rock was a large tank or well, so deep and dark that he could not see to the bottom. The tide had left it full, and as he drew near, something shadowy stirred upon the brink, slipped over the edge, and disappeared.

He came and stood upon the margin; but though he peered hard and long, he could not see anything. Under the surface nothing seemed to move; but as he watched he noticed that the water in the tank was slowly sinking, as though it were running out through some hidden cranny below. And as it dwindled the rocky sides of the tank grew high—what had been six inches before was now over a foot, and still the falling of the water went on.

Patiently he stayed and watched for a couple of hours or more; but under his eye nothing stirred; only, very slowly, the water shrank away till the sides of the well made a low wall all about; then, having found its level, it stayed, and the moon, mounting high, looked in over its brink and down into its depths, where still nothing showed or stirred.

So at last Fynn gave up his vigil and turned into bed; but now he had no longer the sure and peaceful sense of solitude that had been with him before: while he had watched he felt that something had been watching him, though what it was he could not guess. His sleep was troubled and broken, for he kept listening for sounds that never came.

In the morning, as soon as it grew light, he went out to look into the tank. The water was still low, but this time it was not sinking, but rising, for now the tide was coming in, and up the straight sides of rock inch by inch the water pushed its way.

Fynn regarded the hole with great suspicion and dislike. "That would be a fine death-trap," thought he, "if a man fell into it while the tide was down." He did not want that to be his fate; so straight away he set to work and made a small rope ladder, which he fixed so as to hang over the side and down into the water. Then he turned to his day's work, arranging his stores, scraping the walls of mould and cleaning his small window-panes, white with crusted brine.

Then, as the sea was calm, he thought that he would take his boat and a line, and go

HE MADE A SMALL ROPE LADDER

THE SEA-MEWS CAME AS TAMELY AS EVER

HE SAW A PILOT-BOAT GO BY

HE HEARD THE TAP BEGINNING

HE ROLLED HEAD OVER HEELS

HE FIXED IT ALONG ONE SIDE OF THE TANK

out fishing; but when he came where it was housed he found the canvas torn on both sides from stem to stern—far too big a rent for any mending to be possible. So he saw himself a prisoner, fast bound to the rock, his one little bit of liberty gone. After that he never felt alone again; he knew that something was there, something that wished him ill.

But the sea-mews came as tamely as ever and coodled about his feet; and as he sat very still, now and then he was able to touch them: soft and warm they were, dear and delicate to the caress, and not in the least afraid. Submitting themselves to his hand, they seemed to be giving him the human kindness so long denied to him by others. And then, all at once, bright and clear, like a thing seen through a lens, came the memory of a queer bunched-up little face, all freckles under ruddy gold hair, and the waving of a red kerchief. Though what that had to do with the sea-mews he could not tell.

When he had done dreaming, he got up and went over to the tank and looked in. The rope ladder was gone; only a torn strand remained hanging from the iron rivet to which he had fastened it.

That evening, as he came down the winding stairs from the lantern-room, his foot slipped and he rolled head over heels right from top to bottom.

Bruised and bleeding, he picked himself up and went back to find what had caused his fall; and there in the darkest corner of the staircase he found long strips of sea-weed laid from step to step turning the treads into slides.

The next day, or rather the next night, he had hardly lighted the lantern when it spluttered and went out; and every time he lighted it, the same thing happened. He opened the reservoir and examined it; there, on the surface, was oil up to the brim; but when he put in his dipper he drew up not oil but water. Oil had been taken out and sea-water put in its place

The next day the water he drew from his tank tasted rather brackish; the day after, it was a little salt; and the day after that, it was undrinkable. Had it not rained that day in torrents he would have been done for.

On the platform he spread out a large sail-cloth, raising it at the four corners so as to catch all the rain that fell; and lest anything should happen to it, he kept watch beside it till it was full, getting himself drenched to the skin, but happy that, in spite of everything, he had enough water again to last him for some weeks. When he had emptied the water-tank and refilled it he padlocked the lid, and put great weights on it; then he thought that it was safe; but the next night, as he came down from the lantern-room, he heard the tap running, and already half his water was gone.

After that he had to block up the tap and help himself through the lid. And this was but one of the endless troubles he was put to. Day in, day out, things went wrong behind his back, and never was there any showing how the mischief had come about.

"This," thought Fynn, "is what drove the other fellows mad; this is what made them kill each other, or run away, or get drowned. I wonder if it is going to kill me?"

He was not angry nor afraid—only curious and rather amused; it made life so much more interesting. Here was something unseen which he had to fight; either he must beat it or it would beat him. He, who had always had luck against him, was more accustomed than other men to mischief that could not be traced. For he had found that an ill name never lacks material to thrive on; and when in the past his nets had been broken, or his boat damaged, or his hut burned, he had not a doubt but that some kind neighbour had lent misfortune a helping hand; there are always cowards in the world ready to aid Providence when that which it provides is evil.

So Fynn, finding himself once more in an evil case, went warily and kept a circumspect eye, but was not dismayed; and, point after point, he managed to get the better of his hidden adversary, so he began rather to enjoy himself.

Nor did he lack companionship. Day after day the sea-mews became more intimate through confidence in his good-will; and since on most days he would come out and eat his meal with them, they grew to know his hours, and, as the time drew near, the rock became white with a winged and moving throng waiting for chance crumbs, and the air loud with their cries.

One day, as he so sat, with the white birds laughing about him, he saw a pilot-boat go by. It was over a mile distant; but suddenly it seemed to come quite near, for a red kerchief fluttered, and there under a hood shone a head of ruddy gold; and though he could not see the face, he knew quite well who it was, and that one of all those he had left behind still held him in kindly remembrance.

Time was getting on; he had lost count of days or weeks; and only by the increasing cold and the early setting of the sun did he know that midwinter had arrived.

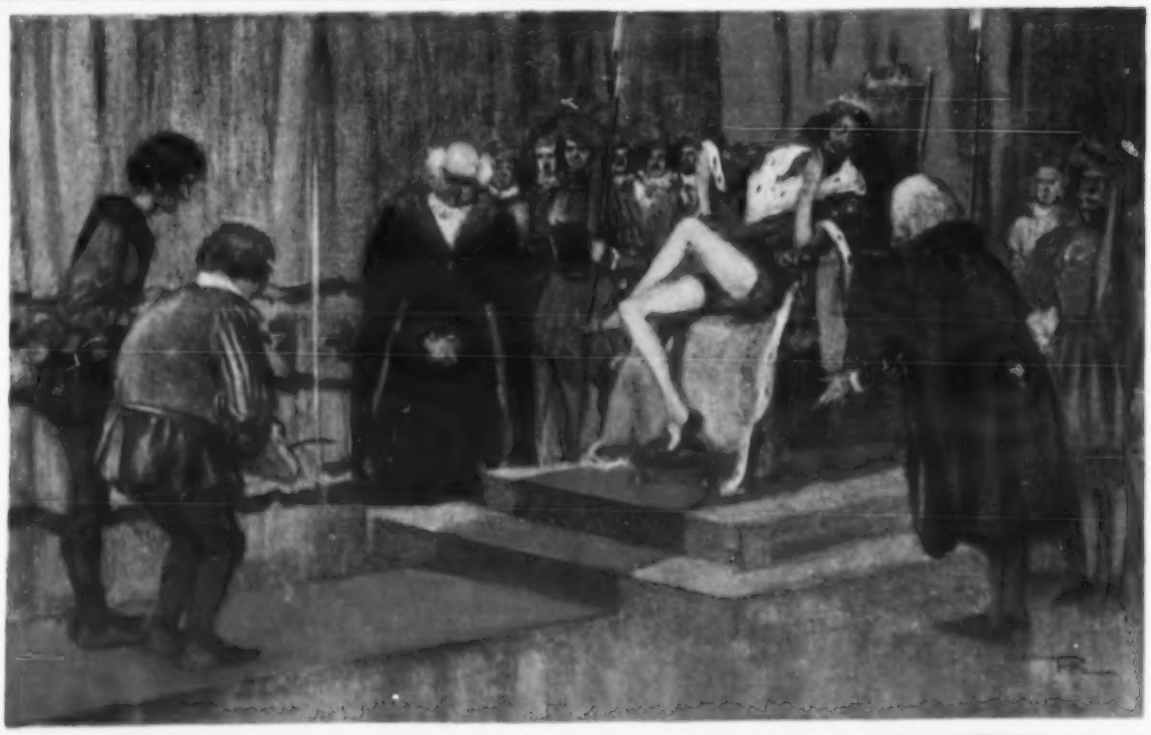
This was the time of storms and wrecks; but the lantern still kept its light, and Fynn, the man without luck himself, was saving the ship-owners many thousands of pounds. For months now Nagg's Rocks, tossing their white manes of foam, had

HE GOT INTO THE SEA

(continued on page 18)

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES.

THERE was once an Emperor who was so vain that he cared for nothing but dress. Each hour he donned a different coat, and he loved to go abroad to make display of his new clothes. One day there arrived in the city two impostors who pretended to be weavers. These men declared that they could make a marvellous cloth which would be invisible to fools or to those unfit for their office. The Emperor, hearing of this, at once ordered clothes to be made for him from this material, for, thought he, "Now I shall discover which of my ministers are competent, and know the fools from the wise." So he gave the impostors money, and they set up two looms, and asked to be



2

furnished with much silk and gold. Then they made as though they were weaving, but all the time there was nothing on the looms. Presently the Emperor sent an old and trusty minister to know how the work fared. But when the minister came to the hall where the impostors sat and plied their empty looms, he was sorely troubled to find that he could see no shred of cloth. He rubbed his eyes, for he could see nothing, but he did not say so. "Have you then naught to say of our cloth?" asked one of the weavers. "It is most beautiful," replied the minister. "What hues! what texture!" he exclaimed; "I will tell his Majesty how much it pleases me." Then the impostors named the colours of the cloth, and explained its pattern, and the minister went back and told all to the Emperor. After that the weavers demanded more money, silk, and gold, all which they kept for themselves, and went on weaving without a thread upon the loom.

After another minister had gone to see the cloth and returned with a like tale, although he saw nothing at all, the Emperor went, with a great retinue, to see it for himself. "Is it not splendid?" said his ministers, pointing to the empty loom, but the Emperor

A Fairy-Tale of All Time: The Intriguing

Here we have it re-illustrated, that fairy-tale and parable for all time, "The Emperor's New Clothes." Hans Andersen has made it most familiar
The condensed version of it here given is based on that in "The Yellow Fairy-

Ste

to us
book,'

3

was inwardly sore troubled, for he saw no cloth at all. "What!" he thought: "Am I a fool? Am I not fit to be Emperor? This indeed is a dreadful thing." But aloud he said, smiling pleasantly, "In truth it is a most fair cloth. It has my gracious approbation," and with an intent air he examined the empty loom. All his courtiers gazed upon the loom, and though they could see nothing (for there was nothing to see) they cried "How lovely!" "Splendid!" or "Magnificent!" and they advised the Emperor to wear the new clothes of this texture at a great procession on the morrow. His Majesty then and there bestowed upon the impostors the title of Court Weavers to the Emperor. All night they sat toiling, by the light of sixteen candles, to make the Emperor's new clothes ready for the morrow's ceremony, first feigning to lift the cloth from the loom, then cutting with great scissors through the air, and sewing busily with threadless needles.

At length they cried: "The Emperor's new clothes are finished!" and the Emperor came, attended by his noblest knights, to put them on. "May it please your Majesty," said the impostors, "graciously to take off those robes you wear?" So the Emperor unclad himself, and one by one they helped him to assume the new

4

garments which he could not see. And he turned himself in the mirror, and all his courtiers cried: "It is in truth a gorgeous suit!" Then came the Master of Ceremonies with the Canopy, and under it the Emperor walked forth in the procession through the city, wearing his new clothes. And all the people said, "How fine they are!" not confessing that they saw nothing.

"But he has nothing on!"—twas the voice of a little child, and thereat each man whispered to his neighbour, until at last the whole people cried at once, "But he has nothing on!" The Emperor perceived it was so, verily, but he thought, "I cannot stay the ceremony now. We must proceed." So the chamberlains marched forward statelier than ever, bearing up in their hands the train that was not there.

Story of "The Emperor's New Clothes."

to us; but who knows how often and in how many shapes it has intrigued and interested and amused the boys and girls of many a country!
book," edited by Andrew Lang and published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.

Perrault in Powder and Patch: The Stories Illustrated by Nielsen.

La Belle au Bois Dormant.

A KING and Queen, long childless, to their sorrow, rejoiced greatly when at last a daughter was born to them. Seven fairies stood sponsor at her baptism, but there appeared also an old fairy, unbidden, for all believed her dead or bewitched. She, deeming herself slighted, after six Fairies had bestowed good gifts on the child, declared that the Princess should prick her hand with a spindle and die. Now the seventh Fairy, foreseeing this malicious intent, had waited to the end to make her own gift, and pronounced that the maiden should not die, but sleep for a hundred years. The King proclaimed that none should spin in his kingdom, nor possess a spindle. But when the Princess was about sixteen years old, in a turret of a certain castle she chanced upon an ancient dame who sat and span, having never heard the King's command. The Princess took the spindle, and, pricking herself therewith, fell into a trance. Seeing the doom was fulfilled, the King bade them lay the Princess on a fair bed, with raiment of gold and silver. The good Fairy came, at his behest, and touched with her wand all that were in the castle, and made great trees grow up about it. After a hundred years, the son of the King then reigning, who was of another family than that of the Princess, one day while hunting perceived the thick and lofty wood. From an ancient henchman he learned that in a castle within that wood lay the loveliest Princess in the world, doomed to sleep for a hundred years until wakened by a King's son. Then the Prince entered the wood, where none before him had been able to go, and coming to the castle, found the chamber where the Princess lay. He knelt and kissed her and the charm was ended. She awoke, and with her the whole court, and, after they had partaken of a banquet, the Prince and Princess were wedded in the castle chapel.

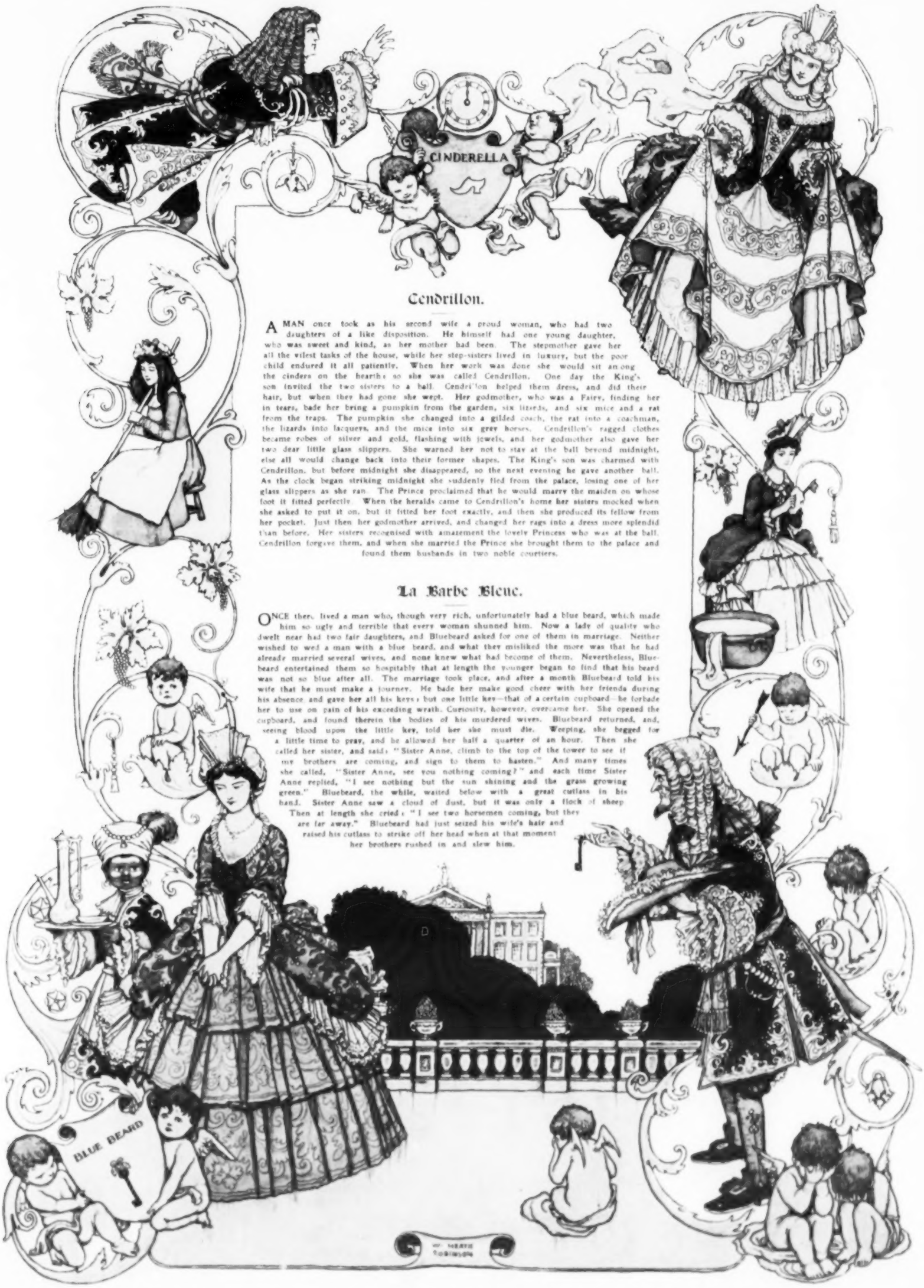
Le Chat Botté.

A MILLER, at his death, left to his eldest son his mill, to the second his ass, and to the youngest his cat. The third son was bewailing his lot when the cat said: "Only give me a sack, and a pair of boots for going in the brambles, and you will see that you are not so badly provided for." Having trapped a rabbit in his sack, the cat presented it to the King from his master, "The Marquis of Carabas." From time to time he took the King other gifts of game. One day, hearing that his Majesty would go a-driving with his daughter by a river, Puss bade his master go bathe in the stream, and when the King drove by, cried out, "Help! Help! The Marquis of Carabas is drowning!" The King sent his servants to save him, while the cat declared that thieves had stolen his master's clothes, so his Majesty had some of his own brought for the Marquis to put on. He looked so brave in them that the Princess fell in love with him, and he with her. The cat ran on before the carriage, telling all the peasants reaping that, if they did not say that the land belonged to the Marquis of Carabas, they would be cut in pieces. So when the King inquired, they all replied, "To the Marquis of Carabas, your Majesty." At length the Cat came to a great castle where dwelt an ogre, the real owner of those domains. "I am told," said the Cat to the Ogre, "that you can change into all kinds of animals." Thereupon the Ogre became a lion, and Puss, though sore afraid, remarked: "I can scarce believe that you could also change into the smallest animals, such as a rat or a mouse." Straightway the Ogre became a mouse, whereon Puss pounced upon him and devoured him. When the King arrived, Puss welcomed him to the castle of the Marquis of Carabas. His Majesty presently asked the Marquis to become his son-in-law, and so the miller's youngest son married the Princess that very day.

"LE CHAT BOTTE" AND "LA BELLE AU BOIS DORMANT": OTHERWISE, "PUSS IN BOOTS" AND "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."

Here, in brief, are two of the famous fairy-stories which Kay Nielsen has illustrated in colours for this number. Our condensed versions are from the full tales in the edition of Perrault published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford. The drawings on this page are by W. Heath Robinson.

Perrault in Powder and Patch: The Stories Illustrated by Nielsen.



Cendrillon.

A MAN once took as his second wife a proud woman, who had two daughters of a like disposition. He himself had one young daughter, who was sweet and kind, as her mother had been. The stepmother gave her all the vilest tasks of the house, while her step-sisters lived in luxury, but the poor child endured it all patiently. When her work was done she would sit among the cinders on the hearth; so she was called Cendrillon. One day the King's son invited the two sisters to a ball. Cendrillon helped them dress, and did their hair, but when they had gone she wept. Her godmother, who was a Fairy, finding her in tears, bade her bring a pumpkin from the garden, six lizards, and six mice and a rat from the traps. The pumpkin she changed into a gilded coach, the rat into a coachman, the lizards into lacquevs, and the mice into six grey horses. Cendrillon's ragged clothes became robes of silver and gold, flashing with jewels, and her godmother also gave her two dear little glass slippers. She warned her not to stay at the ball beyond midnight, else all would change back into their former shapes. The King's son was charmed with Cendrillon, but before midnight she disappeared, so the next evening he gave another ball. As the clock began striking midnight she suddenly fled from the palace, losing one of her glass slippers as she ran. The Prince proclaimed that he would marry the maiden on whose foot it fitted perfectly. When the heralds came to Cendrillon's home her sisters mocked when she asked to put it on, but it fitted her foot exactly, and then she produced its fellow from her pocket. Just then her godmother arrived, and changed her rags into a dress more splendid than before. Her sisters recognised with amazement the lovely Princess who was at the ball. Cendrillon forgave them, and when she married the Prince she brought them to the palace and found them husbands in two noble courtiers.

La Barbe Bleue.

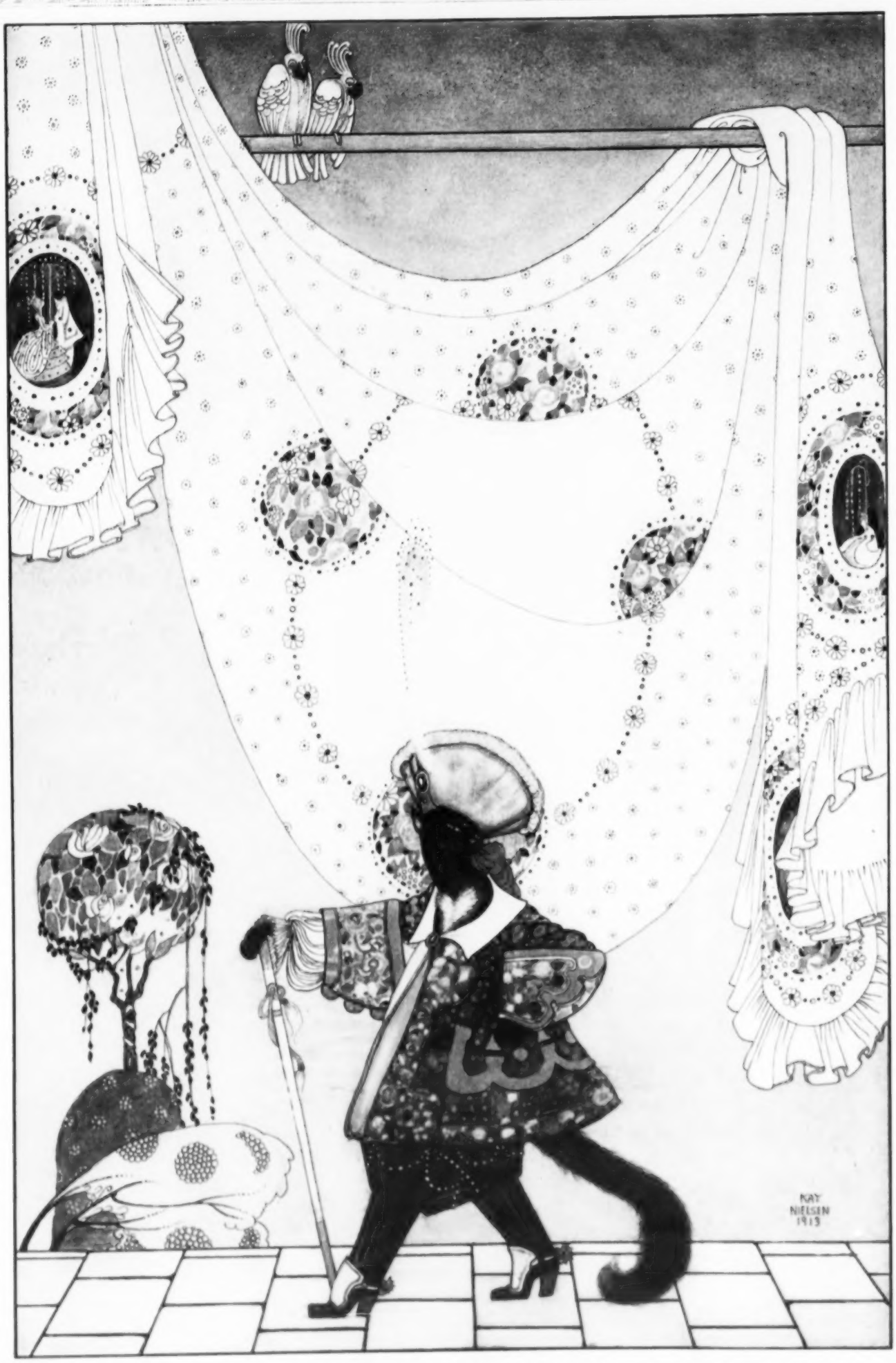
ONCE there lived a man who, though very rich, unfortunately had a blue beard, which made him so ugly and terrible that every woman shunned him. Now a lady of quality who dwelt near had two fair daughters, and Bluebeard asked for one of them in marriage. Neither wished to wed a man with a blue beard, and what they misliked the more was that he had already married several wives, and none knew what had become of them. Nevertheless, Bluebeard entertained them so hospitably that at length the younger began to find that his beard was not so blue after all. The marriage took place, and after a month Bluebeard told his wife that he must make a journey. He bade her make good cheer with her friends during his absence and gave her all his keys; but one little key—that of a certain cupboard—he forbade her to use on pain of his exceeding wrath. Curiosity, however, overcame her. She opened the cupboard, and found therein the bodies of his murdered wives. Bluebeard returned, and, seeing blood upon the little key, told her she must die. Weeping, she begged for a little time to pray, and he allowed her half a quarter of an hour. Then she called her sister, and said: "Sister Anne, climb to the top of the tower to see if my brothers are coming, and sign to them to hasten." And many times she called, "Sister Anne, see you nothing coming?" and each time Sister Anne replied, "I see nothing but the sun shining and the grass growing green." Bluebeard, the while, waited below with a great cutlass in his hand. Sister Anne saw a cloud of dust, but it was only a flock of sheep. Then at length she cried: "I see two horsemen coming, but they are far away." Bluebeard had just seized his wife's hair and raised his cutlass to strike off her head when at that moment her brothers rushed in and slew him.

"LA BARBE BLEUE" AND "CENDRILLON": OTHERWISE, "BLUEBEARD" AND "CINDERELLA."

Here, in brief, are two of the famous fairy-stories which Kay Nielsen has illustrated in colours for this number. Our condensed versions are from the full tales in the edition of Perrault published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford. The drawings on this page are by W. Heath Robinson.

"All by Myself I have to Go, With None to Tell me What to Do": In "The Land of Nod."

Claude A. Shepperson illustrates here "The Land of Nod," from Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses." For the permission given to him to do this and for that given to us to quote from the poem, we are much indebted to Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.



"Le Chat Botté."

PERRAULT IN POWDER AND PATCH: FAMOUS AND FAMILIAR FAIRY-STORIES IN THEIR PROPER GUISE.

FROM THE PAINTING MADE SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY KAY NIELSEN.

PERRAULT IN POWDER AND PATCH: FAMOUS AND FAMILIAR FAIRY STORIES IN THEIR PROPER GUISE.

FROM THE PAINTING MADE SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY KAY NIELSEN.

"La Belle au Bois Dormant"

PERRAULT IN POWDER AND PATCH: FAMOUS AND FAMILIAR FAIRY STORIES IN THEIR PROPER GUISE.

From the Painting, made specially for "The Illustrated London News," by Kay Nielsen.

PERRAULT IN POWDER AND PATCH: FAMOUS AND FAMILIAR FAIRY STORIES IN THEIR PROPER GUISE.

FROM THE PAINTING, MADE SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY KAY NIELSEN.

"Marching in so Grand a Way, You never Saw the Like by Day": A "Young Night Thought."

Claude A. Shepperson illustrates here the "Young Night Thought," from Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses." For the permission given to him to do this, and for that given to us to quote from the poem, we are much indebted to Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.

Culled in "A Child's Garden of Verses": An "R. L. S." Poem.

The Land of Nod.

From breakfast on all through the day
At home among my friends I stay;
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do—
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of Nod.

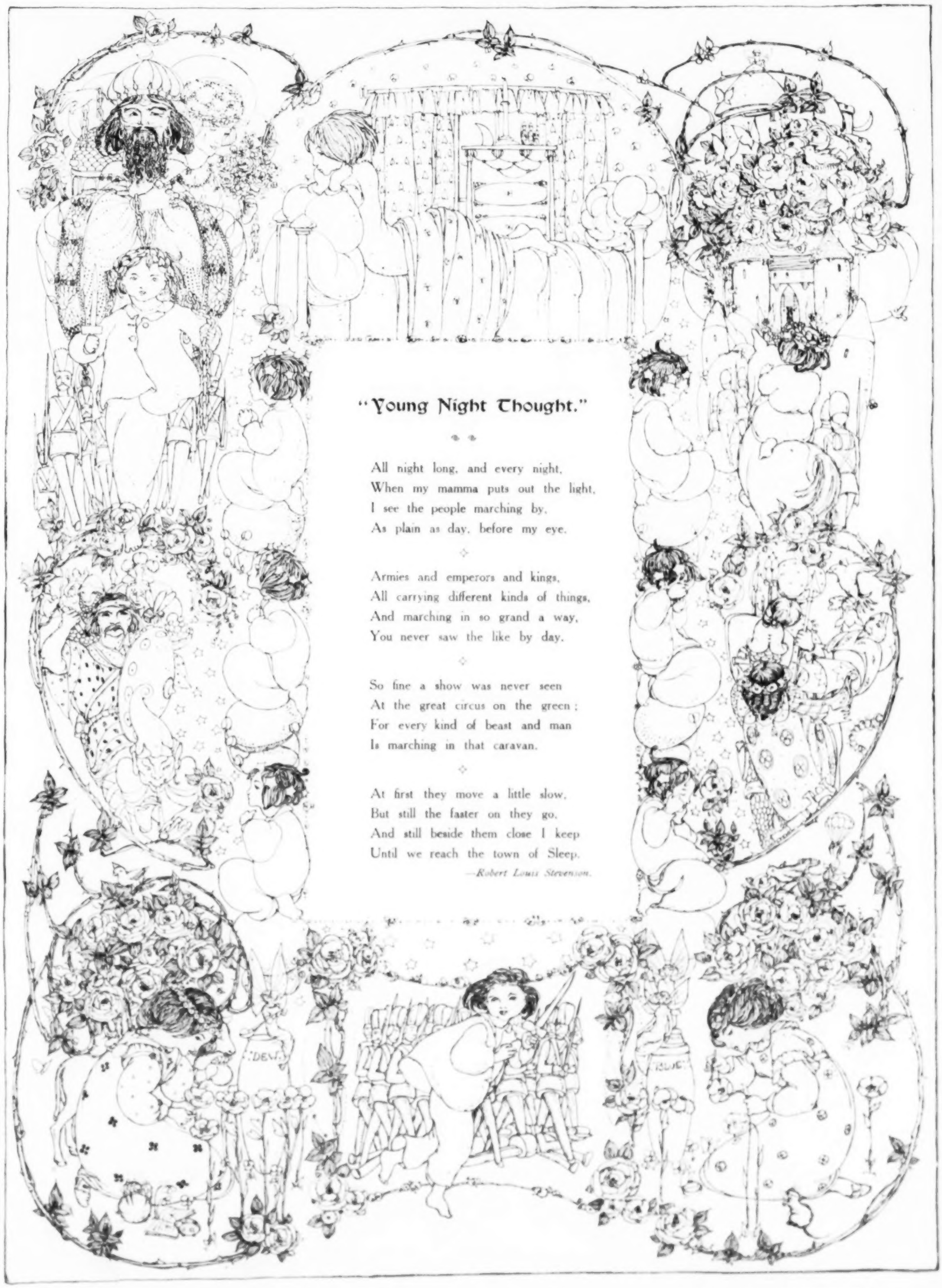
Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

NEWLY ILLUSTRATED BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON: ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S "THE LAND OF NOD."

We are indebted to Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. for permission to use this poem from Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses." It is illustrated in colours in this number by Claude A. Shepperson. The drawings on this page are by Annie French.

Culled in "A Child's Garden of Verses": An "R. L. S." Poem.



"Young Night Thought."

All night long, and every night,
When my mamma puts out the light,
I see the people marching by,
As plain as day, before my eye.

Armies and emperors and kings,
All carrying different kinds of things,
And marching in so grand a way,
You never saw the like by day.

So fine a show was never seen
At the great circus on the green;
For every kind of beast and man
Is marching in that caravan.

At first they move a little slow,
But still the faster on they go,
And still beside them close I keep
Until we reach the town of Sleep.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

NEWLY ILLUSTRATED BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON: ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S "YOUNG NIGHT THOUGHT."

We are indebted to Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. for permission to use this poem from Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses." It is illustrated in colours in this number by Claude A. Shepperson. The drawings on this page are by Annie French.

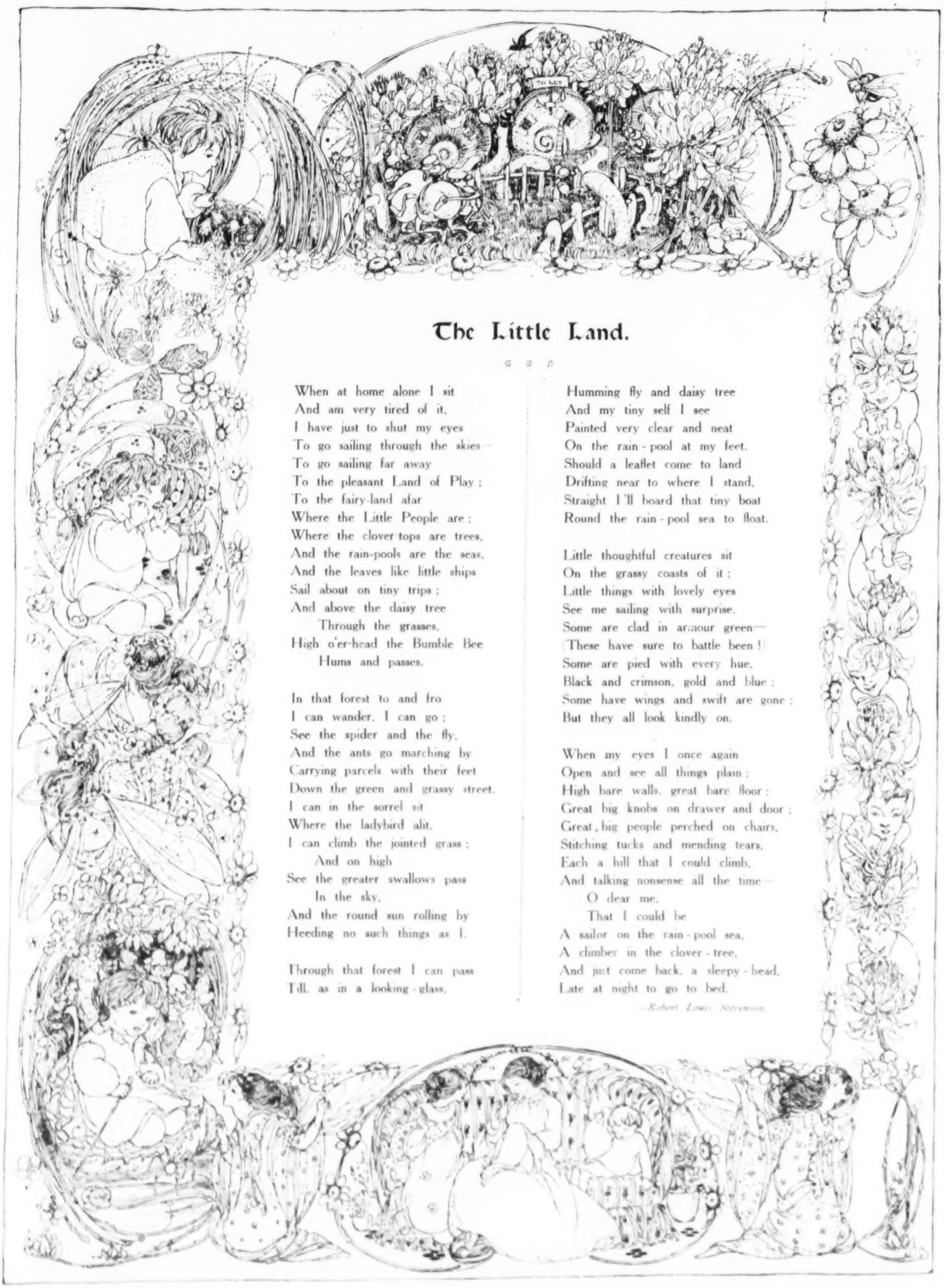
"When at Home Alone I Sit, And am Very Tired of It": "The Little Land."

Claude A. Shepperson illustrates here "The Little Land," from Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses." For the permission given to him to do this, and for that given to us to quote from the poem, we are much indebted to Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.

Where the Little People are; Where the Clover-Tops are Trees": "The Little Land."

Claude A. Shepperson illustrates here "The Little Land," from Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses." For the permission given to him to do this, and for that given to us to quote from the poem, we are much indebted to Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.

Culled in "A Child's Garden of Verses": An "R. L. S." Poem.



The Little Land.

When at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies—
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play;
To the fairy-land afar
Where the Little People are;
Where the clover-tops are trees,
And the rain-pools are the seas,
And the leaves like little ships
Sail about on tiny trips;
And above the daisy tree
Through the grasses,
High o'er-head the Bumble Bee
Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go;
See the spider and the fly,
And the ants go marching by
Carrying parcels with their feet
Down the green and grassy street.
I can in the sorrel sit
Where the ladybird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass;
And on high
See the greater swallows pass
In the sky,
And the round sun rolling by
Heeding no such things as I.

Through that forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking-glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain-pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land
Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I'll board that tiny boat
Round the rain-pool sea to float.

Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it;
Little things with lovely eyes
See me sailing with surprise.
Some are clad in armour green—
(These have sure to battle been!)
Some are pied with every hue,
Black and crimson, gold and blue;
Some have wings and swift are gone;
But they all look kindly on.

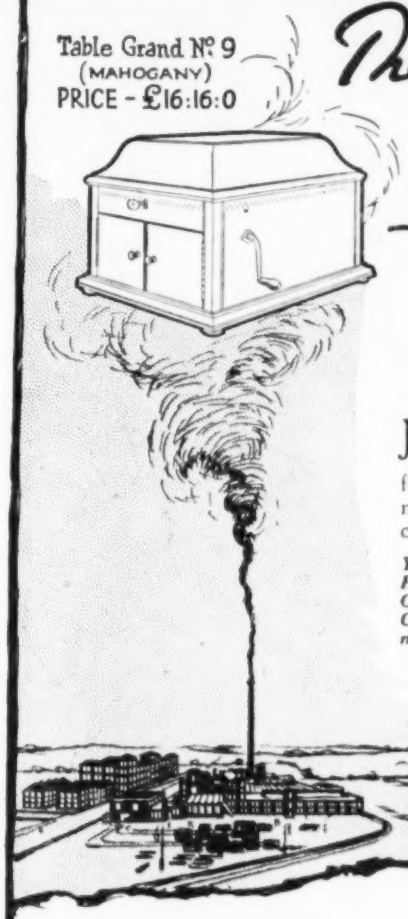
When my eyes I once again
Open and see all things plain;
High bare walls, great bare floor;
Great big knobs on drawer and door;
Great, big people perched on chairs,
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
Each a hill that I could climb,
And talking nonsense all the time—
O dear me,
That I could be
A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber in the clover-tree,
And just come back, a sleepy-head,
Late at night to go to bed.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

NEWLY ILLUSTRATED BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON: ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S "THE LITTLE LAND."

We are indebted to Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. for permission to use this poem from Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses." It is illustrated in colours in this number by Claude A. Shepperson. The drawings on this page are by Annie French.

Table Grand No. 9
(MAHOGANY)
PRICE - £16:16:0



They're working day & night for ME

— and won't the world be pleased this Christmas!

THERE'S nothing Santa could bring anybody that's half so jolly as

"His Master's Voice"
GRAMOPHONE & RECORDS

JUST think what enjoyment you give your friends when you give "His Master's Voice" Instrument! You present them with a full orchestra, military band, violin, piano, and every solo instrument; the most glorious voices singing to-day in opera and concert; choirs, humourists, and so on.

You actually give Melba, Caruso, Paderewski, Kubelik, New Symphony Orchestra with Landon Ronald, the Coldstreamers, Lauder, Robey — to mention a few out of thousands

THE CABINET GRANDS cost from £20 to £50, the Table Grands £8 8s. to £16 16s., and other Hornless and Horn types from £4 upwards. Records 3s. 6d. to 30s.

FREE AUDITIONS at "His Master's Voice" Dealers everywhere.
Catalogues of Instruments & Records, handsomely illustrated, post free
The Gramophone Company Ltd. 21 City Road London E.C.

"His Master's Voice"
Hayes (Middlesex) Factories
covering 18 acres

His Masters Voice

"His Master's Voice" Instruments & Records

THE
Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company LTD.

With which is incorporated the Goldsmiths' Alliance Ltd. (A. B. Savory & Sons). Established 1751.

By Appointment
Jewellers and Silversmiths
to H.M. the King.

Highest Awards at all Exhibitions in Europe and America.

JEWELLERS
Famous the World over for
DESIGN QUALITY VALUE

Fine quality Diamond and Sapphire Scarf Pin
£4 0 0

Fine quality Diamond, mounted in Platinum on Velvet Bow
£4 0 0
A large variety of New Designs always in stock

Fine quality Diamond and Sapphire Scarf Pin
£11 10 0

Fine quality Diamond Pearl and Sapphire Pendant Necklet
£9 15 0

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Fine quality Pearl and Diamond cluster Ring, coronet set
£13 0 0

Fine quality Diamond crossover Ring with Diamond shoulders
£30 0 0

Solid 18-carat Gold and Stone Signet Ring
£2 10 0

Fine quality Sapphire and Diamond crossover Ring
£52 10 0

Fine quality Diamond Half-Hoop Ring
£10 0 0

Fine quality Pearl and Diamond Necklace, Platinum set
£11 10 0

18-carat Gold Keyless Lever Watch, Fully Jewelled, mounted on 15-carat Gold Expanding Bracelet
£14 0 0

ILLUSTRATED NOVELTY LIST POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

THE COMPANY FORWARD AT THEIR OWN RISK SELECTIONS OF ARTICLES FOR INSPECTION.

9-carat Gold Keyless Lever Watch, mounted on 9-carat Gold Expanding Bracelet
£5 0 0

Prices as low as consistent with the highest standards of value.

Only Address: 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Drugs & Gifts

your ideals realised at

CASH **Boots** CHEMISTS

Chief London Branch

REGENT ST., W.

Issued by Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd.

'Twas Ever Thus! A Seasonable Subject.

DRAWN BY GORDON ROBINSON.

THE SEQUEL TO THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES: A VISIT TO THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

"When Winter Winds are Piercing Chill."

AFTER THE DRAWING BY KAY NIELSEN.

Out in the Cold: Pierrot Disconsolate.

"Old Winter is Coming Again Alack!
How Icy and Cold is He!
He Cares not a Pin for a Shivering Back;
He's a Saucy Old Chap to White and Black;
He Whistles His Chills with a Wonderful Knack,
For He Comes from a Cold Countree!"

HUGH MOORE.

The men like Bird's, because it is the only Custard that tastes as good as it looks!

Nothing whets the appetite like enjoyable food, and few people need telling nowadays that Bird's Custard is the most enjoyable of all sweets—as delicious with pudding and pie, as with the stewed fruits in season.

And Bird's Custard is enjoyed the more because it is absolutely pure, and so digestible that it never disagrees.

Dad enjoys his meals now greatly!
His appetite is looking up;
Thanks to BIRD'S we all have lately,
With it's "Smile in every Cup!"

Bird's

the *Perfect* CUSTARD.

In Pkts. 2 for 1½*d*—Boxes 4*d* & 7½*d* and LARGE 8½*d* Tins.

Xmas and New Year Gifts at Vickery's.

No. T 5474.
Lovely Blue Enamel Watch and Gold Expanding Bracelet.
Best Lever Movement, £15.

Soft Collar and Tieholder.
Vickery's Registered Speciality.

The very best soft Tieholder made. Smart in appearance. Very easily fixed. Suitable for lady or gentleman.

Plain Gold	£0 12 6
Without Chain	0 8 6
Gold, set Sapphires, Ruby or Pearls	1 1 6
Without Chain	0 17 6
Gold, set Diamonds	1 5 0
Without Chain	1 1 0
Platinum	2 2 0
Do. set Diamonds	7 5 0

Gold, with lovely Whole Pearl ends, £4, £5 5s., £6 15s.

A Wonderful Selection of Wrist Watches in stock at all prices.

Xmas Gifts
Send for Illustrations and Prices of any requirements in JEWELLERY, GOLD and SILVERWARE, FINE LEATHER GOODS, DRESSING CASES, &c.

The Largest Collection of Novelties in London for Gifts of all kinds.

Illustrations and Prices sent Post Free to all parts of the World.

VICKERY'S GRAVITY CLOCK has no mainspring, the motive power being supplied by the weight of the clock. It does not require winding. No complicated mechanism to get out of order. Splendid timekeepers. Catalogue giving full particulars, with illustrations and prices, sent on application.

Design No. 3—15½ in. high. **Clock and Inkstand Combined,** Covered in Moss Green Morocco, with Silver Gilt Border and Silver Gilt Mounts to Inkstands, £8 10s.

In Selected Oak or Mahogany with Silver Mounted Inkstands, £5 5s.

J·C·VICKERY·
179 181 183 REGENT ST. LONDON W.
Their Majesties Jeweller, Silversmith & Dressing Case Manufacturer

Charles Packer & Co

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

ESTABLISHED 1787.

THE FAMOUS HOUSE FOR EARRINGS.

Peridots and Diamonds, Mounted in Platinum,
£7 7 0

Fine Pearls and Diamonds,
£16 10 0

Aquamarines and Diamonds,
£4 0 0

Fine Sapphires or Rubies and Diamonds,
£15 15 0

All Diamonds, Mounted in Platinum,
£28 10 0

THE LARGEST STOCK OF EARRINGS IN LONDON AT ACTUAL MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

Fine Turquoises and Diamonds,
£10 0 0

Fine Diamonds, Mounted in Platinum,
£37 10 0

Fine Diamonds and Pearls, Mounted in Platinum,
£22 10 0

TELEPHONE: REGENT 3711.

New Catalogue, with many suggestions for Christmas Presents and Seasonable Gifts, sent post free on request.

TELEGRAMS: PACKERDOM, LONDON.

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Continued from Page 13.3

kept any boat from coming near, and Fynn was almost beginning to forget the sound of the human voice. Nor did he much wish to hear it, for the relief-boat, when it came, would bring no friends, and he had still plenty of provisions—enough to last him till the spring, unless some accident should happen.

And sure enough it did!

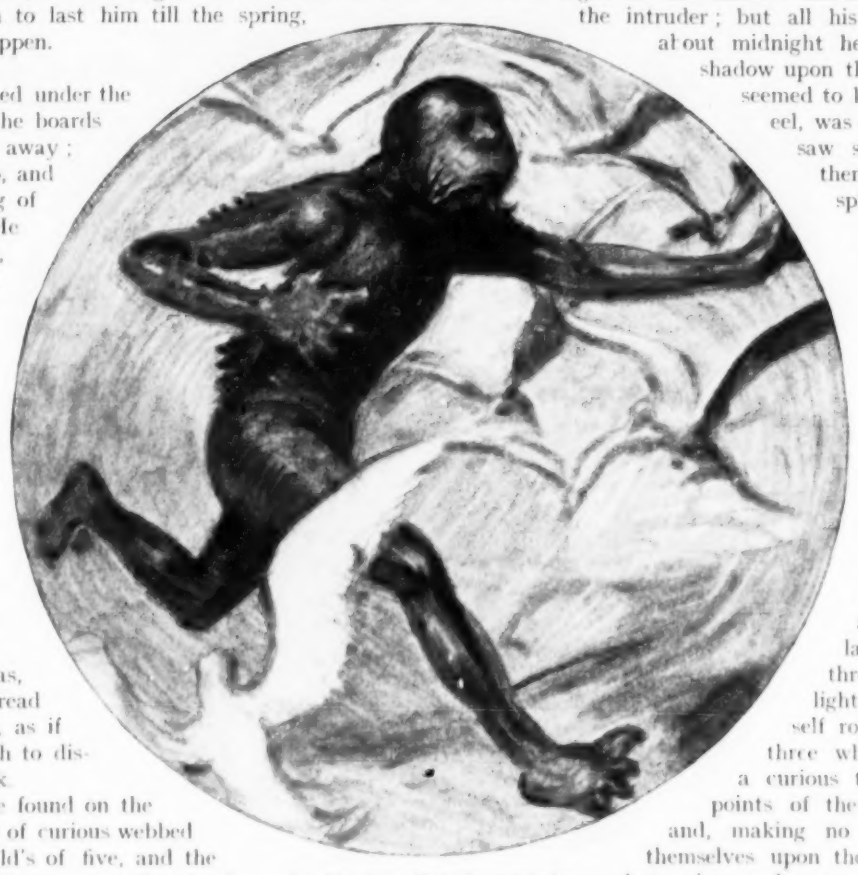
For one day, going to the shed under the store-room, he saw that one of the boards in the roof had been broken away; under the hole stood a large tub, and on the top of it was a sprinkling of flour, broken biscuit crumbs. He climbed up to investigate, and, putting his head through, he found that from all the back corners and recesses of the store-room things had been taken and boxes emptied which he had thought were full. There was famine staring him in the face! Only a few weeks more, and his provisions would give out.

And yet, in spite of the danger, he was far more curious to find out the thief than merely to put an end to the theft. How was this to be done?

He let the hole remain as it was, and over the top of the tub he spread a layer of soft tar; and then, as if nothing had happened very much to disturb him, he went back to his work.

When he next went to look he found on the top of the tub the marks of a pair of curious webbed feet about the same size as a child's of five, and the prints of stubbly fingers. So he was on the track at last.

Then he nailed up the floor, making all safe again, and, with more layers of tar, he spread a broad and sticky pathway from the shed down to the rock tank, placing obstacles to either side, so that there was no other way to go.



Past him like a flash of wet lightning went the sea-grig.

That night he hid himself inside the shed door, hoping to catch the intruder; but all his waiting proved vain, for though about midnight he heard soft footsteps and saw a shadow upon the door-sill, all at once the creature seemed to be aware of him, and, quick as an eel, was off again. Across the platform he saw something leap and vanish, and then in the rock tank there was a splash, and all was still again.

The next morning there was a double row of webbed footmarks between the tank and the shed, one set going and the other set returning.

So now at last Fynn knew that it was from the rock tank that all this mischief had come to him. Accordingly he made his plans. Directly the tide had gone down from the rock he got a big fishing-net and fixed it along one side of the tank; then he put near it a large empty tub with a hole bored through its side, large enough for him to see through; and, while it was still daylight, he got into the tub, curled himself round, and waited. He waited for three whole hours, and while he did so a curious thing happened; softly, from all points of the compass, in flew the sea-mews, and, making no sound, they came and settled themselves upon the fishing-net, covering it entirely from view, and upon the top of the tub within which he lay hidden. There they set themselves down and went fast asleep, coodling gently, as if to show how very contented and how much asleep they were.

Continued on that

"Digestive Rest."

When it is necessary and how it is best obtained.

A time for digestive rest comes to every one—after dietary indiscretions, during temporary digestive derangement—during the strain of student, professional, business or social life—during illness and convalescence, and in advanced old age.

Digestive rest, accompanied with complete bodily nourishment, is the surest road to better health.

Benger's Food provides in a supreme degree, the required digestive rest, with natural re-inforcement.

While it is being prepared with fresh new milk, the digestive principles in Benger's become active, modifying and partially digesting both the milk and the Food. The dainty, delicious and highly nutritive cream thus formed is rich in all the food elements necessary to sustain life and entirely free from rough and indigestible particles.

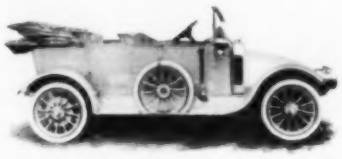
Benger's Food is sold by Chemists, &c. everywhere.

All who feel the necessity of Digestive Rest should write for our Booklet, "Benger's Food for Infants, Invalids, and the Aged." It is issued for their information and to be of real assistance. Post free from

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Manchester.

BRANCH OFFICES:
New York (U.S.A.) 90, William St. Sydney (N.S.W.) 417 Pitt St.
Canadian Agents: National Drug and Chemical Co., Ltd., 36, St. Gabriel Street, MONTREAL, and branches throughout Canada.

Fry's PURE BREAKFAST Cocoa
WE DON'T MIND GOING TO BED.



ONLY one-quarter of the Arrol-Johnston cars ordered last Season could be supplied.

YET the price of 1914 Arrol-Johnstons is enormously reduced. The quality is BETTER than ever, the price is BETTER, and the supply is BETTER.

THERE is an Arrol-Johnston Agency of excellent repute in YOUR district. Send us a post-card for particulars.

Arrol-Johnston, Limited,
Paisley. **(And at Dumfries.)**

The Finest English Make

CHAPPELL PIANOS

CANNOT BE EXCELLED

For their exquisite tone, responsive touch, remarkable singing quality, and lasting durability.

The following are a few of the many eminent Artistes using the

CHAPPELL PIANO

Backhaus, Dohnányi, Dr. Richard Strauss, Johanna Stockmarr, Susanne Morvay, Tina Lerner.

A Perfect
'BABY' GRAND
Length 5 ft., Width 4 ft. 7½ in. Complete Metal Frame, Overstrung, etc. Compass 7 octaves.
List Price, 100 Guineas.
With Three Legs, 95 Gns.
(Liberal Discount for Cash.)

NEW MODEL IV.
Overstrung, Full Metal Frame. Finest Repeater Check Action.
List Price - 52 GUINEAS
(Liberal Discount for Cash.)

BACKHAUS
says:
"I cannot speak too highly of the brilliant and sympathetic tone and responsive touch. You need fear no rival."

A personal inspection of these beautiful instruments is invited, or particulars and Art Catalogue will be forwarded upon application.

CHAPPELL'S Piano and Player-Piano **GALLERIES,**
50, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
Agents in the principal towns throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies.

'The Best that ever came over the Border.'

"Four Crown" Whisky

Special 'Christmas' Cases containing 6 Bottles of this rare old Stimulant, obtainable everywhere at **24/-** per case.

ROBERT BROWN LTD., 14, Jewry Street, London, E.C., and 107, Holm St., Glasgow.

"HOW NICE THEY LOOK!"

Mother likes me to have my boots cleaned with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish because she says it keeps out the damp, as well as —— making my boots look so nice. ——

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.

The wonderful Polish that is so easy, quick, and brilliant—waterproof, too. For all boots, black or brown. Grocers, Bootmakers, Stores everywhere stock it in 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., tins. Outfits 6½d.

CHISWICK POLISH CO., Ltd.,
CHISWICK, LONDON, W.

S. SMITH & SON, World-Renowned for Fine Watches, 9, Strand, London.

WATCH AND CHRONOMETER MAKERS TO THE ADMIRALTY.

NEW WEST END PREMISES, 68, Piccadilly.

SMITH'S Famous "Strand" Watch.

SMITH'S "Special Flat" "Piccadilly" Watch.

Side View

Fine Lever Movement, Fully Jewelled and Compensated.
18-ct. Case - £8 8 0 9-ct. Case - £5 5 0
Silver Case - £2 10 0
PERFECT FINISH AND CONSTRUCTION.

Small Flat All-Platinum WATCH BRACELET

Set with Fine Emeralds and Diamonds.

A PERFECT TIMEKEEPER.

Fully Compensated Lever.
Price - £55 0 0

THE NEW TONNEAU WATCH.

FINEST LEVER MOVEMENT.

In 18-ct. Gold, £10 10 0

In Silver, with leather wristlet, £2 15 0

London Factory for Watches and Motor Accessories,
179-185, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.
HOLDERS OF SIX ROYAL WARRANTS

Side View

The Watch with 20 years' reputation.
All the latest improvements.

OUR OWN MAKE.

Specification.
ESCAPEMENT: Lever, Full Compensation.
MOVEMENT:—¾-Plate, with our patent cap.
JEWELS:—15 Rubies in Gold Settings.
CASES:—Best Solid, 18ct. Gold.

Full or Half-Hunter - - - -	£21 0 0
Crystal Glass - - - - -	£17 17 0
Silver Cases, Crystal - - - -	£5 5 0
" Full Hunter - - - -	£8 8 0
" Half-Hunter - - - -	£6 15 0

So for a long time peace reigned undisturbed, and above a bank of sea-mist rose a half-moon, stroking with its dim light the clustered feathers spread motionless over the surface of the rock.

Then from the water in the tank up popped a head smooth and slippery, and round like a seal's; and after it came a body and two long, sucker-like arms that caught at the rock and clung.

Fynn reached down and gave him a stir with the boat-hook.

Little by little, the sea-grig pulled itself up to the well's brim, and gazed round with big, speculative eyes on all the sea-birds lying motionless around. Then up came its legs, feet first, and out of the tank it sprang, and away over the rock it ran, very quick and dapper and alert, and disappeared into the shadow of the lighthouse.

Fynn crept out of his tub, and all the sea-mews sitting so conscientiously asleep along its edge moved softly aside to let him pass. Then he went to take up the net, and beautiful to behold was the sight of those hundreds of sea-mews all walking sideways in their sleep, and stepping carefully so as not to get entangled.

In a very few moments Fynn had done all as he had planned: across the tank lay the net, made fast at each corner and slacked down in the centre, so that it disappeared under the surface of the water. Then, arming himself with a boat-hook, he went towards the lighthouse door. He had just got to the steps which led up to it when, flick! past him like a flash of wet lightning went the sea-grig.

The sea-grig and the sea-mews became reconciled also.

Then came a plunge and splash, followed by a lot of little splashes, for the toes of the sea-mews had become entangled in the fishing-net, and up went the great flock of sea-mews, and flew away with shoutings and laughter into the night.

Fynn came to the edge of the tank and looked in; there, at last, his enemy lay at his mercy. The sea-grig, wallowing helpless in the toils, rolled up large, piteous eyes, that seemed already to be begging for mercy.

"Ow-wow!" cried the sea-grig. "Ow-wow!"

Fynn reached down and gave him a stir with the boat-hook. "So you put out my light, did you?" said he.

"Ow-wow!" cried the sea-grig.

"And then you put salt in my water?"

"Ow-wow!" cried the sea-grig, and, turning over in despair, he tried to nibble his way through the net; but Fynn had him round with the boat-hook, and continued the rehearsal of his misdeeds. They took a

[Continued overleaf

Oak Furniture for BEDROOMS and DRESSING ROOMS

modelled on fine old XVIIth Century Designs

The Suite £31 : 10 : 0

CATALOGUES FREE.

MAPLE & CO LTD

Tottenham Court Road London W

PARIS BUENOS AIRES MONTE VIDEO

You really feel clean after a wash with

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap.

It leaves an almost imperceptible but delightfully refreshing odour.

Protects from Infection.

4d. per Tablet in the United Kingdom;
6d. per Tablet in Canada, India and Australasia.

Prepare for a Glad Yule-tide!

Though the roaring Yule log is no more, and the hot crab-apple no longer hisses in the flagon of ale, and the boar's head and peacocks have made way for simpler fare, one tradition at least survives through all the years—the tradition of music as the most adequate mode of expressing the Christmas spirit.

The Pianola Piano

Keeps the Old Yule-tide Traditions in your Home.

With a Pianola Piano in your home, you and all who are gathered under your roof will be able to play all the seasonable music, Dance Music, Song Music, Carols or Hymns—all are equally easy to play on the Pianola Piano, and the most gifted pianist could not play them better than you can yourself.

If you have ever considered the question of purchasing a Pianola Piano, now of all times is the occasion when you should have it—Call at Æolian Hall or write for Catalogue H.

The Orchestrelle Co.,
ÆOLIAN HALL,
135-6-7, New Bond St., W.

lot of telling, and the sea-grig had only the one word for answer, uttered in a tone of the deepest contrition and grief.

"And what did you do it for?" inquired Fynn at last.

"I did it for companionship," cried the sea-grig, bursting into tears.

This answer surprised Fynn very much. "Haven't you any companions of your own?" he inquired.

"They won't have me," replied the sea-grig; "that's why I'm here. They say I bring them bad luck."

At that answer Fynn left off prodding him with the boat-hook; after all, it appeared that he and the sea-grig were very much alike.

"It's a queer sort of companionship," said he, "to spoil things. Why couldn't you have shown yourself?"

"I used to once," explained the sea-grig; "but as soon as ever they saw me, they always went mad and jumped into the sea and were drowned. Nobody liked me—nobody."

"But you had the sea-mews," remarked Fynn.

"Yes, till I'd pulled all the feathers out of their tails. Then they went away and left me. They only came back when you came."

"Ah," said Fynn, "that accounts for it, then. I suppose they found I was a protection."

"I did so try to be companionable," went on the sea-grig in pleading tones. "I gave you lots to think about, I'm sure."

"You did indeed," replied Fynn. After all, there seemed to have been method in the creature's madness.

"If I had shown myself you would have gone away and left me, or have jumped into the sea and been drowned."

"No, I shouldn't," said Fynn.

"Yes, you would; you don't know how ugly I am."

"I do, now that I've seen you."

"You haven't seen me by daylight yet," explained the sea-grig in sad confidence.

When Hannah of the red kerchief grew up he married her.

"Very well, then, I will."

So Fynn waited till daybreak.

"There," said the sea-grig as soon as the sun rose, "look at me now!"

"Yes," replied Fynn, after considering him for awhile, "you are ugly, and no mistake; but I think I can put up with you."

"I may bring you bad luck," said the sea-grig; "you had better not!"

"That won't be anything new to me," answered Fynn. "But remember this, if ever you pull out a sea-mew's tail, I shall jump into the sea."

So the bargain was made between them, and Fynn and the sea-grig became companions to each other. And after a while the sea-grig and the sea-mews became reconciled also.

Fynn stayed on the lighthouse for years; and bit by bit, as he restored to it its good name, his own good name came back to him also, and men no longer spoke of him as the fisherman who had no luck.

A day came, indeed, when his luck was recognised by everyone, for when Hannah of the red kerchief grew up he married her. THE END

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA

is the Best Remedy for
ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT and INDIGESTION.
Safest and most Effective Aperient for Regular Use.

HOOPING COUGH. CROUP.

Roche's Herbal Embrocation.

The Celebrated Effectual Cure without Internal Medicine.

33, Dartford Road, Dartford, September 13, 1910.

Dear Sirs,—My little boy, age four years, has had a severe attack of Hooping Cough, bleeding from the nose and mouth. I obtained a bottle of your Roche's Embrocation; the effect was really wonderful. The cough changed and his breathing was much easier from the first night. It is now three weeks since I first used it, and a friend told me yesterday it's difficult to believe he has had it. I have very great pleasure in telling you this, and hope others having children suffering from this horrible complaint will do as I did, "Try it." Yours sincerely, MARY LITTLE.

W. Edwards and Son, London, England.

Dear Sirs,—I have tried your Roche's Embrocation for Hooping Cough and found it entirely satisfactory. My boy, six years, had Hooping Cough in its worst form for four months, then, catching an additional cold, developed pneumonia. After being a very sick boy for weeks he recovered, but we were afraid to allow him out of doors, because his awful cough was left over. I used your medicine by heating a small quantity in a wine glass over a steaming kettle; and then rubbed the throat, chest, under arms, and back thoroughly with the medicine as hot as he could stand it applied. I used the bottleful, and the cure was effected as the bottle stated it would be. I recommend your remedy to all suffering children. Yours faithfully,

Mrs. H. B. Cuddeback, 110, Fair Street, Paterson, New Jersey, U.S. Feb. 23, 1910.

BRONCHITIS. RHEUMATISM. LUMBAGO.

Copy of an Order received.—"*Baroness Meitzing requests Messrs. Edwards to dispatch six bottles of* ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION, *used for children having Hooping Cough, to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland.*—"*Penzing, Vienna, March 25, 1889.*" This Order was repeated 1894, 1899, 1903, and 1905.

PRICE 4s. PER BOTTLE.

Sole Wholesale Agents: W. EDWARDS & SON, 157, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON

Paris: ROBERTS & CO., 5, Rue de la Paix. New York: FOUGERA & CO., 90, Beekman Street. Montreal: LYMAN & CO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

TO

'THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.'

PAID IN ADVANCE.

INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9 3.
Six Months, 14/-; or including Christmas Number, 15/3.
Three Months, 7/-; or including Christmas Number, 8/3.

CANADA.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11 6.
Six Months, 15/2; or including Christmas Number, 16/4
Three Months, 7/7; or including Christmas Number, 8/9.

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2 0 6.
Six Months, 19/6; or including Christmas Number, £1 1 6.
Three Months, 9/9; or including Christmas Number, 11/3.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 170, Strand, in English money; by cheques, crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited"; or by Post Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 170, Strand, London, W.C.

ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, Jewellers & Silversmiths, Ltd.

Tel. Address—Rustpole, London. Telephone—8830 Gerrard.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

Hundreds of different patterns of all articles advertised are shown in our Catalogue G, post free on application.

WHY PAY CASH? Any Article may be purchased on our System of Monthly Payments at Catalogue Prices.

Latest Tassel Ribbon Necklet, Diamonds and Pearl, £9 15s.

All articles drawn to exact size.

Fine All-Diamond and Platinum Tiara, £105. All Stones are Double Cut. (Registered Design.)

A Large Choice of Bandeaus in Stock from £100 to 1000 Guineas.

Whole Pearl Necklets a Speciality, from £10 to £10,000

Fine Pearl and Diamond Ribbon Necklet, mounted in Platinum, £5 5s.

We have £5000 worth of Second-Hand Jewels to dispose of. This is a unique opportunity to secure a great bargain. Please write for Special Second-Hand List. Also highest prices given for Old Jewellery, Gold & Silver.

"A NOVELTY." Fine Diamond, Pearl, and Platinum Crystal Pendant, £8 8s.

Pearl and Brilliant Cluster Earrings, £36 per pair.

Beautiful Diamond Brooch, Stones set in Platinum, £32 10s. Bracelet to match, £35. Necklet to match, £50.

Fine Diamond Brooch, Stones set in Platinum, £39 15s.

Double Cut Diamond, Platinum Mounted, £19 15s.

Brilliants, Gold mounted, £21 10s.

Beautiful Diamond Ring, Mounted in Platinum, £8 15s.

Brilliants and Pearl, £31 10s.

Fine Diamond Ring, £21.

Fine Brilliant Cluster Earrings, £65 per pair.

"A NOVELTY." Fine Diamond, Pearl, and Platinum Crystal Pendant, £8 15s.

Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., London, W.C.

MACKINTOSH'S

Its very, very, very delicious—

—and so very good for the children

TOFFEE de LUXE

THE LONDON FEMALE GUARDIAN SOCIETY,

High Street, Stoke Newington, N.

This National Rescue Society, now in its second century, pleads for your help to maintain its large family of Betrayed and Fallen young Women who aspire to lead a virtuous life. Unfortunately, this merciful work does not awaken the quick and generous response it deservedly merits, since it commends itself to the few rather than to the many.

Patron: HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
President: THE LORD KINNAIRD.

Therefore will you kindly spare a Christmas Gift in support of this work amongst the defenceless victims of the White Slave Traffic, **FINANCIAL HELP BEING SORELY NEEDED,** as the Society has neither Endowment, Investments, nor Government Grants to draw upon.

Donations will be thankfully received by the Bankers, BARCLAY & CO., 54, Lombard Street, E.C., or by Mr. W. E. PAGE, Secretary, 191, High Street, Stoke Newington, N.

THERMOS FLASKS & JUGS

The Gift For Any Time

At Christmas—at New Year—or at any other time there is no more acceptable gift than a Thermos; it keeps hot drinks steaming hot without the aid of heat, chemicals or artificial means of any kind.

The problem of the Christmas Gift is solved—give a

THERMOS JUG.

At breakfast, no matter how long delayed, tea and coffee is always hot—and fresh—in a Thermos Jug. For Baby's milk at night—for the invalid's food—for a hundred different uses it is indispensable. To Travellers give a THERMOS OVAL FLASK. It is the Flask Specially made for ease and safety in carrying and holding.

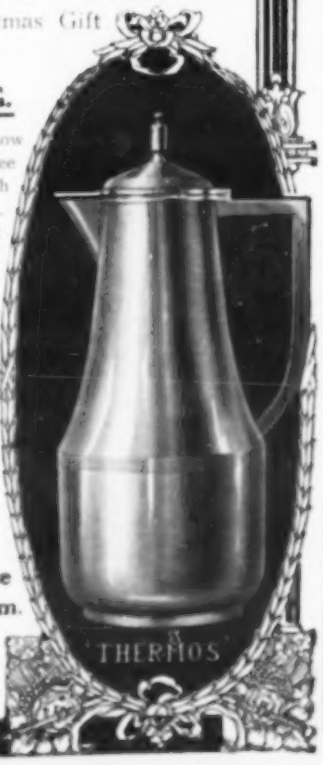
5/- to £11 11s.

Beware of Imitations.

Thermos goods have "THERMOS" on them.

Of Jewellers, Chemists, Ironmongers, and Stores.

Wholesale only:
8, Long Lane, London, E.C.



BULMER'S CHAMPAGNE CIDER

The best possible drink for Dances, Xmas and New Year Festivities.

Bulmer's Cider is the most wholesome of beverages. It stimulates the system and gives zest to life. Pure and unadulterated, unsurpassed as a table beverage. Made under exactly the same process as Champagne, and vies with the most expensive French Wines. The great cure for Gout and Rheumatism. Exported all over the world. Keeps perfect in any climate. Write to-day for Free Illustrated Booklet.

Wholesale London Agents: Findlater, Mackie, Todd & Co., London Bridge, S.E.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

H. P. BULMER & Co., HEREFORD.

RONUK POLISH

NO OTHER GIFT

is so practical, easy to send, daily useful, and withal dainty and appropriate for man, woman, youth or maid, as

THE "SWAN" FOUNT PEN.

Here are two popular examples.

(Reduced facsimiles.)

Safety Pattern, Size 3 C, with Rolled Gold chased band, 21/-

Standard Pattern, Size 1, Silver, 32/-, Rolled Gold, 35/-, 14-ct. Gold, 105/-

Many other designs and sizes to choose from.

Standard Pattern from 10/6; Safety Pattern from 12/6.

SOLD BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

May we send our Complete Illustrated Catalogue? It's Post Free.

MABIE, TODD & CO. 79 & 80, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

BRANCHES—38, Cheapside, E.C.; 95A, Regent Street, W.; 3, Exchange Street, Manchester; 10, Rue Neuve, Brussels; Brentano's, 37, Ave. de l'Opéra, Paris; and at New York, Chicago, Toronto, and Sydney.

London: Printed at Greyhound Court, Milford Lane, W.C.; and Published at the Office, 172, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited.

On Christmas Day in the Morning.

FROM THE PAINTING BY HAL FURST